INTERNATIONAL

club

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TOP TO
BOTTOM

SEXUAL TRANSFORMATION:
WOMEN'S CLOTHES IN
A MAN'S WORLD

BODY SHOCKS:
MAKING
EROTIC
SIGNALS

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CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume 16: Number 8: Price £1.50

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Bianca

Photographs by Joe King

The French Connection

On the face of it, these pictures feature one girl. But there could be two. And don't bother looking to see if there's another female lurking behind one of the trees, because that's not what we're on about.

No, what we mean is that Nicole, whom you see here (we think), has an identical twin sister, Claudette (who may well be the girl in the pictures). We're told the only way to tell them apart is that Nicole has a tiny birthmark on the back of her ear, and that Claudette drinks Pernod while Nicole can't even stand the smell of the stuff.

It would be made a whole lot easier if we knew for sure that only one of the twins enjoyed posing in the buff, but we understand they're *both* rather naughty girls, neither of whom flinch at the prospect of donning skimpy, sexy underwear and being pointed at by a Nikon.

"My sister and I," says the girl in the pictures, "have made good use of the confusion we create; it can be very good fun. If we go out for an evening with two boys, we can make them very perplexed indeed. Sometimes, they can be talking for hours to the wrong girl – but my sister and I make sure we have the right boys when the *important* part of the evening comes."

Oh, yes, we think that's all very clever, Nicole/Claudette. We like the pictures, so we honestly couldn't care which one of you appears here. And don't try coming into the office to catch us out next time you're over here – the bottle of Pernod is at the ready . . . ♣

Photographs by Serge Jacques

famille
RNANDEZ
SPECTACLE DE
VIÈVE BAÏLAC
Anne BERGER, Lucien LAYA
Alain PETITJEAN
SECRÉTARIAT D'ÉTAT AUX RAPATI
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DU DRUGS
UROPE 1

LE GRAND RABBIN AUMONIER

JOSEY

Photographs by Charles Haydn

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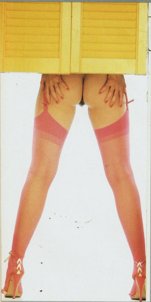


Photographs by Ian Potter

club Event

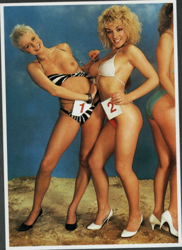
Well, it's that time of the year again, chaps, isn't it? From now until the end of September you'll be masturbating in Morecombe, wanking in Worthing, bonking in Bognor, letching in Llandudno, shagging in Sheerness and being prick-teased in Portobello. And all because the lady loves . . . skimpy bikinis.

The rest of us do the sensible thing and dress appropriately for the British summer (coat, gloves, scarf, hip flask), but all the girlies have spent ages in front of their bedroom mirrors admiring this season's swimwear – and, hell, they're gonna wear it even though the seas themselves freeze over. Good news, what?

However, we do appreciate that circumstances will lead to many of you spending your summer landlocked in Leicester or marooned in Merton, and we'd hate you to be left out of the festivities.

It's the *Club Event* girls to the rescue, then, giving you a right eyeful of sights you wouldn't see on even the most enlightened of nudist beaches (unless this lot happened to be there at the time). Thankfully, there's no law about wanking by proxy, and you're all perfectly capable of making seagull noises, aren't you?

Photographs by Charles Haydn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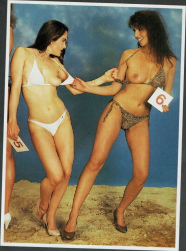
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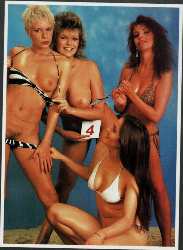
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LIFE WITH Linzi

MONDAY – THURSDAY

You know, I've been looking for a good excuse to get all dressed up in some really horny leather gear again, so when Lady of Paris, a company which specializes in sexy lingerie and leatherwear, asked me if I'd appear in their newest video, *Forgotten Amnesia*, I jumped at the chance.

I knew you randy lot would like to get an eyeful, too, so Lady Of Paris kindly agreed to let our photographer come along and take a few shots of me in action. As an added bonus, they gave me some of their great gear so I could do a few naughtier snaps in the studio, which I know you like best. As a matter of fact, so do I. I'm proud of my pussy, and, as you probably already know, I really do love to flash it!

Making the video was really great fun. My part, that of an evil dominatrix, wasn't really that demanding. In fact, I spent most of my time off camera, trying on all the raunchy leathers and gossiping with the other girls about our favourite subject – sex!

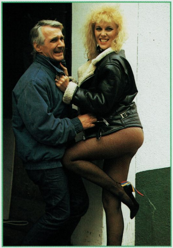
Anyway, my big moment in the video is trying to gain access to this private cinema club. First, I have to meander down Old Compton Street in Soho – which caused a bit of a crowd on the sunny Sunday afternoon we did the filming. Well, I was dressed rather provocatively in PVC undies and carrying a rather large whip. To get into the seedy club I had to pretend to be mesmerized by the doorman's good looks. He falls for it; as we are about to be locked in an embrace, I knee him rather wickedly in the groin! Luckily, the Canadian actor Lloyd, who was playing the doorman, said I had been very gentle with him. I did hear him squeal once or twice, though!

Whip-crazy

Apart from Lloyd, there were six girls in the video, including myself. I've worked with four of them before, among them my old mate of goodness-knows-how-many years (I'm certainly not telling you lot how many!), Marie Harper, your favourite lady from *Razzle*.

Marie was playing a character called Miss Jones, a whip-crazy dominatrix who was in

Photographs by John Copthorne



charge of the four other baddies – me being one of them. One scene that really cracked me up was when she threatened the heroine, Samantha Spade. Samantha Spade was a private detective, but looked far more like a schoolgirl than a private dick.

Marie stood there, all tall and evil-looking, brandishing a cane. But as soon as Marie began to deliver her lines I got a fit of the giggles. Marie's thick Yorkshire accent sounded more comical than menacing and I really did have trouble looking aggressive; wielding my cat o' nine tails, I had to stifle an incredible urge to laugh. Matters didn't improve when another of the baddies had to run in and hand Miss Jones a note. Our make-up artist Marilyn had scribbled "Do you fancy a fuck?" in eyebrow pencil on the front of the note. After that, everybody had a fit of the giggles – including the director!

Another funny episode in the *Forgotten Amnesia* saga takes place inside the cinema club, where Marie has to have an ice-cream rammed down her cleavage. However, the cunning little bugger attempted to get out of it by trying to persuade the director that, as I had bigger tits, the cold, runny ice-cream would look far better dribbling down between *my* tits. Luckily for me, he wasn't persuaded and Marie got lumbered with it. I just had the pleasant job of cleaning it off!

As usual the filming of the video ran slightly over-schedule (the equipment van breaking down on the M1 didn't exactly help). Anyway, because of the hold-up, one of the girls had to rush off to a rather important appointment. She changed out of her PVC thong, peephole bra and dog collar to go and see the vicar about her forthcoming wedding. I don't know why she bothered changing, 'cause I'm sure her hubby-to-be would have absolutely loved it. It would also have shown the vicar that he's not the only one who can wear a dog collar!

Slinky Dress

After all that hard work (who am I trying to kid?) I looked forward to a little recreation, in the form of a date I had that evening. I hurried home, armed with all the lovely leather and PVC gear I'd been given, and decided to slip into something cool to await my man.

My man for that particular evening was a dishy actor I've been seeing on and off ever since we fell in lust when we met at an audition. He arrived a bit late (naughty boy) armed with a few bottles of wine, and I think he was pleasantly sur-

prised to see me dressed in a very slinky PVC dress which laced all the way up both sides and was short enough to reveal my stocking tops. If I stretched up high enough, it also revealed the fact I was knickerless (again).

I made rather a point of stretching up to fetch two wine glasses, and I nearly dropped both of them as I felt his hand run across my bare behind. I parted my legs slightly, to feel his cold hands stroking my arse and his fingers probing in between my legs. I closed my eyes and leaned over the kitchen worktop, arching my back and offering him my pussy – which was getting wetter and wetter all the time.

He kneeled down, roughly pulled my bum cheeks apart and delved his slippery tongue into my glistening honeypot. I forgot all about the wine as I leaned forward, savouring the delicious, expert sucking I was experiencing.

You know, it's been ages since I've had a good screw over a worktop in the kitchen, but on this occasion it was the perfect place! I grabbed hold of the cupboard, stuck my ass right out and gratefully accepted his thick cock as it sunk very slowly into my excited pussy.

Hot Numbers

As we thrust away, the kitchen utensils and glasses in the cupboard rattled and chinked for all they were worth, but we didn't give a toss until we'd both fucked ourselves silly, come all over the place and collapsed in a spunky heap on the kitchen floor.

Now we could really do with some of that wine. None of the glasses had broken, so we sat on the sofa and thirstily downed a bottle. After that, I was ready for a little fashion parade – à la Linzi.

I took out all my Lady of Paris gear and laid it on the floor, selecting some very hot little numbers to please my man. I could tell when he really liked any particular outfit, because, as he was only dressed in his shirt (which didn't exactly cover everything), I could see whether or not his willy sprang into action.

One of my personal favourites was a PVC lace-up waspie, complete with a top that certainly didn't keep much of my bouncing boobs in. I struggled into it and laced myself up. I kneeled down when I was ready and lifted up his shirt to see if his cock was at all appreciative of my choice.

It was just beginning to get some life back into it, so I gave it a helping hand – or should I say a helping tongue. Slowly, I stroked his big balls. I ran my tongue up the length of his shaft, teasing his helmet before taking all of his cock in my mouth and swallowing it as deep as I could.

After a few minutes gobbling he was ready for some more action, so I rolled over on to the couch and we had another glorious fuck.

I'll let you know if my kinky outfits have the same effect on any more of my dates. I suppose I'd better put them away, though, as I don't really want the milkman or the paperboy fainting on my doorstep!

Anyway, I do hope you like the naughty studio pictures, as I really got turned-on doing them. I look forward to telling you all about my whorish escapades next month, when, of course, you'll be seeing lots more rude photos. Well, I mean – when was the last time you saw me in a *nice* picture . . . ?♣

Linzi

Linzi's outfits courtesy of Lady of Paris, 67 Smallbrook Queensway, Birmingham B5 4HX.

Letters to Linzi

Dear Linzi,
I had to spend a couple of weeks in hospital recently: nothing too serious, I'm glad to say, but it did mean me dropping out of circulation for a while.

Time can hang heavy in such situations and, although the nurses were quite attractive, they didn't really set my pulses racing. However, help was at hand in the shape of the bloke in the next bed, who departed three days after my arrival. Before doing so, he was kind enough to pass on something to me. It was a copy of Club, no less, which he'd inherited from the previous occupant of my bed (you see what a generous lot Club readers are?).

Needless to say, the remainder of my stay was considerably brightened by this fortuitous acquisition. In particular, the erection-inducing pics of your good self provided the spark for plenty of lovely (if surreptitious) wanking.

Did I continue the tradition by bestowing the gift on someone before *I* left? No, I didn't! After all, I still needed you to nurse me through my convalescence! *Craig, Renfrew*

Glad to be of assistance, Craig. You didn't say which issue of Club you were given, but my naughty nurse pics in Vol 16 No 1 would have been rather appropriate, I think. In the meantime, Nurse Linzi insists you keep on wanking at my pictures.

Dear Linzi,
You remind me of a sexy temp I used to work beside. She wore red specs identical to the ones you had on in Vol 16 No 2 – and, boy, could she fuck! I'm pretty sure that applies to you as well.

We'd screw nearly every lunchtime – on the floor, on the desk, against the wall and even in the boardroom once. I used to be absolutely knackered by the end of the week. The only trouble was she was only there for three weeks, and we lost touch when she moved.

I wish *you* could be my secretary, Linzi, wearing nothing but your red specs, high heels and a smile. I'd make sure you were given plenty of dictation and late-night working. You would be laid over my desk and I'd kiss my way up your legs to your pussy, then slowly lick you out. Then, when you were nice and juicy, I'd take a banana from my lunch box, peel it, and gently push it up your fanny till only the end was showing.

Then I'd start to eat it, drawing it out slowly. When it was all out, I'd replace it with my dick. We would fuck on the desk, me sucking your nipples at the same time.

After we'd climaxed, I'd pull you to the floor and move to the 69 position. When hard again, I'd turn you around and fuck you doggy-style so I could stroke your beautiful arse and squeeze your tits. After that, work would resume as normal.

No harm in doing a bit of daydreaming, eh, Linzi? I would like you to know, however, that you rate 20 out of ten for me. Finally, just to satisfy my rampant curiosity, could you tell me what your vital statistics are? *Steve, Gravesend*

Yes, it's always handy to have a banana lying around in one's lunchbox, Steve. I'm not averse to a bit of "passion fruit" myself, I'll have you know. As for my vitals, I'm 36C-22-36. Do write and tell me about your adventures with the next temp to succumb to your banana, won't you?

Dear Linzi,
I'm 21, and *have* to tell you about my involvement in an exciting incident in Amsterdam just recently.

I was over there on business for a few days. After a hard day's work, I'd decided to relax by going to a club on the edge of the Red Light district. They had a good, sexy cabaret act going on. I spotted a girl of about 23 sitting by herself at another table. I fancied her, but I was wary about going over to her, because I thought she was either a hooker or that her boyfriend was at the bar or in the loo. She was about five feet eight, and her short hair had been bleached from dark blonde to light blonde.

I watched her for about another ten minutes or so, and when no one had approached her, I plucked up the courage and went over to her. When I offered to buy her a drink, she accepted in a deep Scandinavian accent. My boldness had paid dividends in a way I could never have imagined, because she suggested after about an hour of involved conversation that we should go back to her apartment. In my rented car, we'd kissed and cuddled before we set off on the five-minute drive. So far, so good – I just couldn't believe my luck.

We sat talking and drinking in her stylish apartment, but it reached the stage where I reckoned she had teased me enough. I started to take off her blouse and met with no opposition, so I took off her black bra, too. Her breasts were about size 36, and her pink nipples stood out.

I roughly ran my hands over her tits and she groaned with pleasure. Then I softly bit and sucked her nipples; this was such a turn-on, my underpants were becoming uncomfortably tight, so I asked her to take my clothes off. She firstly took off my shirt and kissed and licked my chest. I remember thinking how firm her tongue was.

We kissed as she undid my zip, and my tool fell out into her hand. She immediately went to work. Her tongue flicked along my swollen helmet, and she sucked hard. I dug my nails into her shoulders.

Suddenly she began to suck harder. My back muscles seized and I let blow. She swallowed every drop and seemed to enjoy it. When my tool had gone soft, she lay on the bed and I licked her cunt. When I found her clit, I concentrated on that. She soon orgasmed, and I allowed the juice to flow into my mouth.

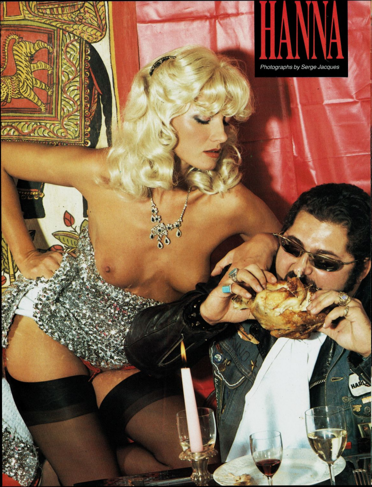
After a brief respite, I was hard again – sooner than normally happens with me, but I put that down to the company I was keeping! We had a sound fuck before falling asleep. In the morning – well, I'm sure you can guess, Linzi. She also told me then that she lived in Helsinki with her husband, and that she was in Amsterdam looking after the flat for a friend who'd gone on holiday.

Well, you can't win 'em all – but it was bloody good while it lasted. *Rob, Essex*

I'm thinking about going back to Amsterdam myself for a short break, Rob. It would be nice to think that I might find myself in the same situation as your Finnish friend, too . . . ♣

HANNA

Photographs by Serge Jacques



HARLEY-DAVIDS

BRUNO

E D'ENGHIEN
CARTE VERTE

HARLEY DAVIDSON

club Chance

Would be a fine thing

Hang on a mo – a Golf GTI? C-reg? With a phone? How much are we paying this girl?

Any thoughts that Claire had gone out and bought herself a posh motor with all the trimmings on the basis of one Club shoot were very quickly dispelled, however. "If you must know, my brother and I were given a share of my grandad's cottage in Derbyshire when he died. It wasn't up to much and needed quite a bit doing to it, so we thought we'd cut and run.

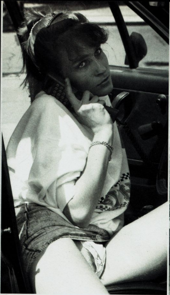
"With the proceeds, my brother put his share in a high-interest building society account. I went for a week's holiday in Tunisia, I paid off my Access bill (huge!), I bought a Compact Disc player, I paid for expensive meals for my mates and me – and I bought the car. I was going to buy a new one, but I didn't have enough left over after I'd splashed out on everything else. I never *could* save. Satisfied?"

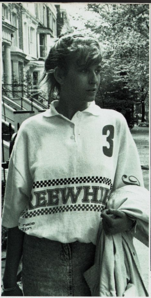
Well, no, frankly. In three years' time, or whenever, won't Claire envy the fact that her brother (who sounds horribly sensible) will have a rather meaty nest egg to fall back on "for those unexpected moments in life", as the savings plan adverts put it?

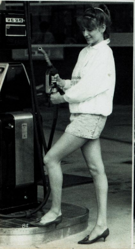
"You must be joking. My lifestyle revolves around having a good time *now*, and if I didn't, I might regret it in later years. I want to drive my car. I want to eat in French restaurants. I want to spend the odd weekend in Vienna or Amsterdam. I want to meet interesting people and fuck them. There's nothing wrong in that, is there?"

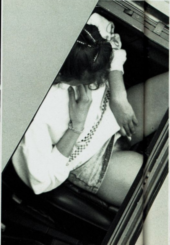
We assured Claire in the strongest possible terms that there was nothing wrong in that, trying like hell to sound interesting as we did so . . . ♣

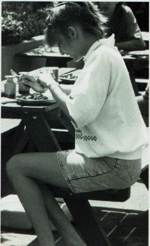
Photographs by Ian Potter

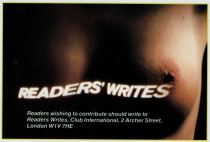












READERS' WRITES

Readers wishing to contribute should write to Readers Writes, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Belinda's Best

I feel I must tell you how much I enjoyed *Club Chance* in Vol 16 No 4. I found Belinda so sexy and sophisticated, I must have wanked off three times within an hour of opening Club, and countless times since. With such gorgeous tits and an inviting snatch, I'm sure Belinda will go a long way.

It would certainly be nice to see her in *Come Again* (and again, and again, and again . . .). *JF, Huddersfield*

Nun Event

Have just come back off a sabbatical in a convent. You may laugh, but it was supposed to put me off the forbidden fruit. It turned out to be a vexing journey quite alien to my nature, although the wife naturally feels it won't do me any harm. I have been in hot water. My doctor said that I was guilty of overdoing it. He told me before I went away to generally pull my socks up and take life more seriously at my time of life (whatever that's supposed to mean!).

Of course, the worst thing was that I had to go without Club for two whole months. Never mind – I'm back now, and April's copy was a real tonic. Apart from the very sexy Linzi, several other girls kept my adrenalin going. Karen with the nice bottom won by a short head. The runners-up, Linzi and Gabby, dead-heated for second place just a neck away. Very close on their heels was Chris. Frankly, I thought her all-round talents with bondage belts were wasted on that great round stone. With the weird backcloth, somebody at your end must have been after a bloody Oscar.

John, Walsall

Educating Lisa

How's this for the experience of a lifetime? I was at my girlfriend's mother's house one Sunday, ready to go round to granny's for tea. Thrilling stuff, I know, but I guess we all have to make concessions sometimes.

Anyway, shortly before we were due to leave, I nipped upstairs to go to the loo. On the way out, I heard faint panting and gasping noises coming from Lisa's bedroom (Lisa being my girlfriend's sister). I decided to investigate, as any decent chap would.

Slowly and silently, I pushed open the door and peered in. I could hardly believe the sight that met my eyes. Lisa was lying on her bed, her eyes closed and her panties down around her knees, fingering herself like crazy. She was much too far gone to notice me, so I got out while the going was good. I closed the door as quietly as I'd opened it and went downstairs.

All of a sudden, going to my girlfriend's granny's seemed even less attractive than it did before. Trying desperately to think of an excuse to get out of it, I pretended I'd just suddenly remembered there was a big American football game on the telly which I desperately wanted to see. My act must have been convincing, because they said I could watch it there while they were out.

After they'd gone, I left it ten minutes before nipping upstairs again. This time, I couldn't hear any noises. I knocked at the door and went in.

Lisa was now sitting on the edge of her bed, sewing her skirt. She stopped what she was doing and looked at me. "I knew you were watching me, you know," she said, which took me aback slightly, because she's normally such a shy, quiet, 18-year-old. Before I could think how to reply, she unzipped her jeans and pulled them and her panties off in one deft movement. "Well, what's next?" she asked, suggestively. I didn't need a second invitation.

I walked over to her and kissed her passionately. Her hand went straight to my zip and pulled out my cock, which was already on the way up. We both stripped off, lay on the bed and got to work without saying another word.

Lisa slowly kissed her way down my body, and I was tingling with anticipation by the time she reached my stomach. It was an incredible feeling when she enveloped my cock in her mouth. I couldn't help but think that this young girl was having her first cocksuck, and this made me feel even more randy than I already was. I knew I was about to come, and I told her so – but she carried on sucking away. I exploded in her mouth, and looked down to see my spunk running out the side of Lisa's mouth. She kept on sucking and licking until I went completely limp.

She wasn't going to let *me* have all the pleasure,

continued on page 6

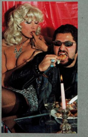
Belinda's Best: *And who can argue when she's in this mood . . .?*

Girl Talk

This is the page where we try and put words to the pictures – sketch in the background, so to speak. It isn't always easy – what's in the foreground often seems to monopolize our readers' attention. Still, if you are interested in the mind as well as the body, read on . . .

BIANCA

She: "Darling, unless my eyes are deceiving me, there's a naked girl lying by the deep end, fiddling with herself. And there's a chap with long hair, taking pictures." He: "Gosh, really? Must be those chaps from Club. It's quite all right, old stick – they're paying us £20 an hour. More tea?" It's true that "desirable locations" are very thin on the ground for the photographer whose budget doesn't run as far as Barbados or Thailand. British *Country Life*-style houses sporting swimming pools and similarly photographable features and broad-minded owners are as rare as hen's teeth. That being so, we did well to find this location (in deepest stockbroker-belt Surrey) for the beautiful Bianca to sprawl around. The house belongs to a City pension-fund manager who wasn't the slightest bit interested in money. He was more than happy sitting on his patio with unending gin and tonics, slyly spying on Bianca's X-rated antics. When she finally slipped out of her panties, he decided it was time to clean the pool, stumbling over lighting cables as he manoeuvred his nine-foot broom, pretending, behind his dark glasses, not to notice Bianca's sexy cavorting. "You enjoyed him gloating, didn't you?" we challenged, afterwards. "Course I did," said Bianca, brazenly. "It made me feel nice and naughty." Nice *and* naughty? Now there's a girl with something to appeal to all tastes! **Including yours, we trust. See page 8.**



HANNA

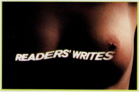
It seemed like a good idea at the time. Shapely, ash blonde, Lolita-ish Hanna, in the company of a big, beefy biker fresh off his Harley: "A sort of King Kong and Fay Wray re-match, with a Donington Park ambience," in the words of our creative wizard of a photographer. In fact, Hanna's Hell's Angel-cum-hairy tree-swinger was nobody more sinister than an ill-mannered motorcycle messenger, bagged between jobs outside Burger King on Cambridge Circus. He answered to Nigel, and initially was far more interested in the plate of Chicken Marengo that was shoved under his double chin, than the joys of Hanna's near-nakedness. Still, he was very good at looking mean and vicious with a face full of food, and Hanna did the best she could to render the situation steamingly sexy. Gradually, through a combination of sheer professionalism and feminine wiles, she turned an apparently ill-fated shoot into something fresh, original, and incredibly sexy. Although Nigel was very upset that – despite two plates of grub, a bottle of Chianti and £100 in folding – he was forbidden to feel the goods, another top-notch Club set was in the can. P.S. Hanna likes bikes, too. She rides a 550cc Yamaha. Nigel? A 125cc Suzuki. **Hanna and the hairy one are hanging out on page 71.**

JILL

So what makes a centrefold girl? A stunning physique? Movie-star looks? The revelation that she's (yawn) the new Bond Girl or (double yawn) a former Miss Guatemala? To our way of thinking it's enough that she's young and pretty and incredibly sexy – as is Jill, here. True, her boobs wouldn't make Candy Samples lose sleep (yet alone give Kitten Natividad kittens), and her accent is more south London that it is Joanna Lumley, but that's no concern of ours. Jill's got the looks that sell the books – end of story. So far, this one-time pasta bar manageress has escaped the clutches of the Mr 25-Per-Cents, portfolio schlepping and all the other "hassly" aspects of glamour modelling, but Jill's scintillating centrespread (her first-ever glamour shoot) is positive proof a new, true professional has arrived on the scene. Naturally, we wish her all the luck in the world, though with looks like hers, it's not a question of "if", but "when" the cheques will start to come in. **Go to page 44 to see how Jill earned her Club cheque!**

JOSEY

And just when we were getting bored with Riviera blondes with deep suntans and designer shades . . . here's Josey, her blue-black tresses a full three feet down her back, simply stunning in black stockings and suspender belt and starched white cotton top – which she irreverently describes in total as her "19th century freshly-fucked peasant look". Just 21 years old, Josey's far from convinced there's a future for her in glamour modelling, and says she's far happier "doing things than posing around in sleazy studios. I was hyperactive as a child, and at 21 I'm showing no signs of slowing down!" Nor is she. For some years an accomplished waterskier, Josey is the self-styled UK female ski-bob champion. The ski-bob (a sort of waterborne inflatable phallus, to which you cling while being towed at great speed) looks sure to be *the* watersport of summer '88, and Josey has already got her bobbing down to a fine art, a whole season in advance. She particularly enjoys "grease-bobbing", ie struggling to remain astride a lard-smeared ski-bob at speeds approaching 40mph. "Between you and me," she confides to Club's desktop Aiwa, "I find grease-bobbing terribly sexy, the way it sort of thrubs when you hit waves. But, of course, that isn't the reason I'm an absolute addict." Believe that, readers, and you'll believe anything. **Now turn to page 34 for a ski-bob's view of Josey's pulsating privates!**



READERS' WRITES

continued from page 4

though. We kissed and cuddled for a while and she played with my cock until it started to show signs of life again. When it had reached maximum length, off we went.

We rolled over until I was on top of her. I returned the compliment by going down on her, licking her soaking-wet fanny. But that wasn't what she wanted. "Now, now!" she kept on saying – she was really gasping for my cock.

Without any further ado, then, I rammed my cock into her as deep as it could go. As I began to shaft her, she thrashed her head from side to side, gasping out that she'd wanted me ever since her sister first brought me home. We fucked like crazy for about an hour, during which time I lost count how many times Lisa came. At the end of it all, we were both totally exhausted.

When my girlfriend and her mother returned, they asked me if I'd enjoyed the game. "Oh, yes," I replied, without lying. "It's one I won't forget in a hurry."

Chris, Newcastle

Iron Pumpers

Without doubt, the most original and entertaining feature of Club International is *Club Event*. So why do you louse up a great idea by devoting just a derisory few pages to it? To do any kind of justice to the *Event* requires at least double the present number of pages. May I respectfully suggest that you make room for these extra pages by chucking out all those dull and boring stories sent in by women readers. After all, Club is supposed to be a men's magazine.

My idea of the perfect *Club Event* is an awesome array of female bodybuilders "pumping iron". Is there any chance you can feature some musclebound ladies in your magazine? They would not necessarily have to be completely unclothed, but it would be much better if they were (you would make a not-so-old man very happy). And how about body-painting? I do not like tattoos, but the sight of the painted female body is fun as well as erotically stimulating.

Finally, I should like you to bring back *Affectionately Yours*. *Club Chance* is all very well, but it is just another glamour photoset. I am sure many other readers have expressed the same opinion.

But, when all is said and done, Club is the best magazine of its type on the market. May your shadow never grow less.

Maurice, Croydon

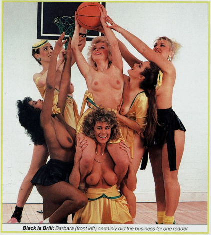
Glad you like it. By the way, most readers who write to us give Club Chance *the thumbs-up – Ed.*

Black is Brill

Congratulations on the naughty netball pictures in Vol 16 No 4's *Club Event*. As my boyfriend and I are both black, it was a blessing in nakedness to see a fellow-black person on your pages, looking very charming and so damned sexy.

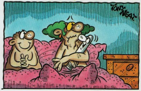
It would be nice to think you were going to grace your pages in future with more tasty black women. I'm pretty sure it's not only black people who would welcome this.

Joyce, London SE6



Black is Brill: Barbara (front left) certainly did the business for one reader

VIBES by Tony Neat



Aw, c'mon – let HIM get lucky for a change. Just think what the rest will do for my batteries!

Top-shelf Tales

Having spent most of my life thinking that magazines such as Club catered for the "dirty old man" brigade, I realized I was wrong when I started working three days a week in a local newsagent's.

I am a married woman of 31, and in the 12 months I have worked in the shop, I have seen men of all ages purchase "top-shelf mags", and Club seems to be one of the favourites.

I remember on about the third day after starting, I got my first "top-shelf" man; he was in his mid-20s and quite dishy. It was empty in the shop at the time (it's in a quiet village), and he spent a couple of minutes perusing the men's mags. I must say, being alone in a shop with a handsome young man browsing through girlie magazines made me feel a bit horny. When he chose his mag, he showed it to me (it was Club) and handed over his money. I felt myself going a bit red as I handed him his change.

However, since then, I have started to notice the different ways in which men buy their monthly treats.

Some wait until the shop is empty, then nervously grab the mag, pay for it, and sheepishly run out. Others openly browse for a few minutes before buying. I must admit, all this started to turn me on, so I decided to keep a copy of Club under the counter one afternoon, and wait for a top-shelf man to come in. I waited about an hour, then a youngish man pulled up outside in a white sports car. He waited until the man and woman I was serving had left the shop, then he came in. "This is it," I thought, and said "hello" as he made his way to the top shelf. I pulled my Club out from under the counter and started to read it openly on the counter.

As he turned around to pay for his mag, my legs turned to jelly with a strange sort of sexy naughtiness. When he saw what I was reading, he blushed and handed me a tenner, saying: "Sorry, I haven't anything smaller." "Really?" I replied, smiling at him, and he blushed even more. I have read Club in front of several male customers and have had differing responses, ranging from disgusted looks to remarks such as: "What's it like this month?"

One afternoon, the next-door neighbour's 19-year-old son came in. I didn't think he knew it was me at first, as I had my back to him filling the cigarette shelf. Imagine the embarrassment we both felt when I heard his voice saying: "Can I have this, please?" and seeing him holding a copy of Club as I turned around. He nearly dropped it when he saw it was me and mumbled something like: "I never knew *you* worked here."

As he left the shop blushing, I imagined him wanking his cock over his mag, and whenever I see him now, he always grins at me and I give him a little wink and a smile.

I know a lot of men must feel embarrassed when buying their mags, but I try and make it a pleasure by smiling and giving them a saucy look. I love to imagine some of the young hunks wanking over the mags they buy from me, and it makes me feel sticky between the legs. If any more lady newsagent's assistants share my views, I would love to read them.

Jackie, Shropshire

Chain Gang

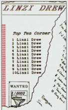
May I congratulate you firstly on a fine magazine and secondly a very splendid article in Volume 16 Number 3 called *Catwalk*. This article described a very exotic dress with a cool, metallic look.

My particular taste is for women in jewellery, and therefore I would be most grateful if you could include many more of your models wearing jewellery as I have described below:

Long-drop earrings, fine gold chains around the neck, waist, ankle and wrist (by the way, as the *Catwalk* article pointed out, the waist chain could be linked to the ankle chain). Also, the model could have a ring on one thumb and a ring on one toe (which has now become very fashionable). I am not personally into piercing, but if a model had pierced nipples, a fine gold chain could be connected between them.

This request might seem rather different, but if you could see my wife lying here in bed beside me dressed only in her delicate chains and jewellery, even *you* would have a job to finish the letter!

David, Bristol



LINZI DREW

Top Ten Corner

1 Linzi Drew
2 Linzi Drew
3 Linzi Drew
4 Linzi Drew
5 Linzi Drew
6 Linzi Drew
7 Linzi Drew
8 Linzi Drew
9 Linzi Drew
10Linzi Drew

WANTED
£10000

Correspondence from a "Japanese Linzist", revealing the object of his desires!

Carry On . . .

The bloke who expounded on the demerits of masturbation in Vol 16 No 4 would seem to be one of life's little hopers. When hope is long gone, you live from day to day, supposing that tomorrow's sterility may or may not come. If it does, there's not too much that modern medicine can offer – end of story. If it doesn't, then brilliant. Mr Anxious, on the other hand, is the very adjective towards sterility. I've not yet heard of *anything* that isn't *bad* for you. Everything from agnosticism to drinking water is furrowing *somebody's* brow *somewhere*. I suppose the young, studious Catholic has been reading too many *Reader's Digests* and it may interest him to know that *my* spunk smells like Domestos; which *should* put the mockers on Atlantis.

Take away masturbation and there's sod-all in life. I've struggled as an artist, athlete, jazz musician, etc, etc, most of my life; and masturbation knocks 'em all into a cocked hat. Because it doesn't require an arm and a leg in effort, and doesn't bloody well involve other

continued on page 93

COME AGAIN

Judging from the amount of positive feedback we've received concerning some hot stuff we featured in Vol 16 No 6, it looks as though we could have the biggest American import since Madonna on our hands.

Hot? *Roasting* would be more like it. Mind you, Ms Ginger Lynn has had plenty of experience in setting guys' loins a-fire. As you may have read in 16/6, she's a major part of the US porn movie scene, and some of her no-holds-barred videos have fallen into the hands of eager Club readers over here. Dougie from Gourock is among them:

"One of the guys from the nearby US Navy base lent me a video called *Gentlemen Prefer Ginger*, I've been in love with Ginger Lynn ever since then, so your excellent picture set of her really had me drooling at the mouth. It's gone down pretty well at the base, too, from what I can gather." Good. We expect to see increased circulation figures for this issue in the Gourock area, then . . .

We know for sure of at least *one* extra copy sold on account of Ginger, though, as Richard explains:

Just a brief note to say how much I appreciated the pictures of Ginger Lynn. Rarely have I seen such a well put-together woman.

The photo set had many virtues, but a real cock-stirrer was the close-up picture of her sand-covered arse on page 9, featuring a rear view of her delectable, blonde-tufted pussy. Christ, if ever it was worth putting up with sand in your teeth . . .!

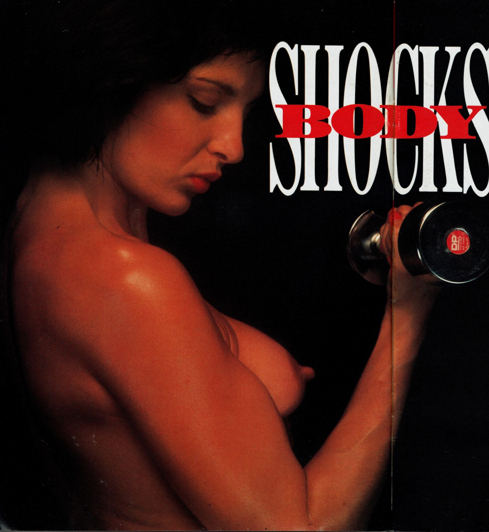
I like to hang on to magazines with extra-special sets in them. Of course, this was one of them. However, I have to admit to being a member of the old school who likes to wank over the pics, sometimes even wrapping my hard-on in the closed pages to do the job.

And, yes, you've guessed it – I can no longer open *any* of the Ginger Lynn pages, on account of my own personal adhesive having done a pretty good job. Yes, I *know* it's my own fault, and that's why I'll be calling in at the newsagent's to buy another copy just as soon as I've posted this letter.

May I utter a cock-felt plea for you to feature a set of this big American shag-bag before much longer, with another look at her in *Come Again* in the interim.

Richard, Dunstable

Your wish . . . etc – Ed.



BODY SHOCKS

If you have spindly arms, droopy shoulders, over-developed legs and a downward-tipping pelvis, it doesn't just mean you're a physical outcast. You can tell what kind of person your partner is just by observing the shape of his or her bum. BECCI THOMAS explains.

You're at a cosy party chatting up someone new, out for a drink with a good friend or out to lunch with an old lover – do you unconsciously decide something about them from their bodily characteristics? Did you watch them from a distance, noting how they walked across the room? Did you keep a note of how they sat down – if their shoulders are hunched in a permanent droop or if they're painfully straight?

Of course, you'll inevitably pick up on body language and clothes. We do that all the time and make snap judgements without even knowing it, but how about the way a person stands? How symmetrical are they? How do their limbs look in relation to their body? Do they have spreading, ample thighs or long-reaching arms? And have you ever wondered why you find some types of eyes appealing, yet some seem to almost push you away.?

There isn't any such thing as the perfect body, although the ancient Greeks would probably have disagreed, and 20th century fashion designers might also beg to differ; but surely many perfectly presentable males would hate to clutch a bag of bones who are a head and shoulders taller than them. Human giraffes might be beautiful as clothes hangers, but are they warm to the touch or are they really distant and unattainable?

Desmond Morris, that sage of evolutionary theory who calls us all naked apes, says fashion models are made to look this way because adolescent girls tend to suddenly sprout long legs. This leggy allure lies in the fact that they signal "sexual" and therefore "appealing".

But take away the momentous magic of the camera and begin to look at how these lovelies move and you'll discover they have plenty of idiosyncrasies – just like everyone else. Perfect grace of movement is something very few humans possess. Believe it or not, your whole history is mapped in your body; it is written in your muscles and accompanies your every move.

Naked Lover

You'll be able to discover a certain amount about a person when they are fully clothed, but take a fresh look at your naked lover and see what you find – where is there softness, where are muscles being held rigid and tight? You'll almost certainly find a mixture of both in one person, and locating these differences could reveal aspects of character of which you were previously unaware.

We all have inherited characteristics. We have all been influenced by the culture we come from and the conditioning we have received from our parents and educators. But the knocks and shocks we have mentally and emotionally endured since babyhood cause responses which are frozen into our bodies. This becomes a kind of armour which in one way protects us. But in another way, wherever it settles, it blocks some of our energy flow.

Here are some examples:

Our arms are what we use to reach out to the world and how we do this is mapped in their shape. Massive arms with too much muscle can indicate lack of tact in the way a person makes contact with other people. A man like this may have a tendency to treat people as "objects", and his relationships will suffer from a lack of honesty and real communication. This kind of person could use brute force to get what he wants. Heavy or long arms in proportion to the rest of the body indicate a need to reach out to others. Short arms show a fear of doing so.

Weak arms mean that energy is being withheld and these people may be unable to really take hold of life. They often feel powerless and they could also have cold hands. They will usually lack initiative – their partners will have to make the running.

Very fat arms belong to people who find it difficult to maintain their energy level in order to finish things. They move with difficulty. Their emotions have been buried. On the other hand, people with tight arms may have problems in keeping their attention on one thing at a time and will tend to be inconsistent. Their lack of co-ordination and their inner conflicts can lead to tensions and physical injuries.

Which part of your body is the more developed? The upper or the lower? If it's the upper, then you have probably put more energy into making contacts which will help to get you somewhere, to achieve in this world. This shows a more assertive, active, communicative personality.

If it's the lower, you've been spending time trying to secure yourself an emotional basis – you will feel things strongly, but may not express those feelings in an assertive way. This is the private part of you and if it predominates, it is more stable than the public part. You'll be more home-orientated.

If your top half is overdeveloped and you have thin legs and hips, then you may lack emotional stability. Those with thin legs may find it difficult literally to "make a stand" on things, while those with thin, tight legs are often go-getters. Overdeveloped legs can mean a strong need for security.

The upper part of your body is the outwardly expressive part, which you might develop to the cost of the lower part in an overcompensation for a weakness in the legs and thin hips, for instance. The result in some cases can be a barrel chest. Look out for sergeant-majors – what's below the bluff or bluster? I knew one who liked to shout and give orders in general, but who found it impossible to make a stand against his antagonistic wife and finally left the woman he had been having an affair with for 14 years, allowing himself to settle into a very unhappy old age.

The way your pelvis tips – upward or downward – affects your sexual functioning. Those with a downward tip will usually have a higher sexual charge, but their sexual feelings might overwhelm them and so they fear truly letting go. The upward tilt usually shows a holding on to the emotional part of sexual feelings which are then more focused in the head.

Largely speaking, the front of your body is the conscious you, and the back is the unconscious. Tight, flat backsides can show hidden aggression, while those sexy, round bottoms can also show there's anger and inner power present. The way buttocks are held and pinched in shows different forms of sexual energy holding. If you have a soft, pleasant front, but tightness in the back of your body, you've got some repressed anger lodged there.

Concealed Anger

Observation by some therapists has shown that women with the left breast larger than the right will behave in a more feminine way, while the opposite will indicate a more assertive nature.

Someone who stands with their right shoulder lower than the left will be more controlling, whereas a lower left shoulder will show a more receptive character.

And what about those classic square he-man shoulders? This kind of guy will tend to have a well-developed ego and be rather concerned about how he appears to others, but if those shoulders are forcibly held back, there is probably concealed anger at life locked into those muscles.

Very narrow shoulders which seem to slope down from the neck belong to those who find it difficult to deal with the pressures of life. I once – against my better judgement – employed a typist with shoulders like this. She constantly broke down over the slightest remark about a mistake. She had an overbearing father who took half her wages, but she seemed to expect me to make up for his shortcomings as she was completely unable to cope with the situation herself.

Shoulders drawn forward around the neck indicate self-protection and fear. I had a close friend who walked around with his shoulders almost wrapped around himself like a cloak. He found it impossible to commit to any relationship or to give anything of himself as a result of this fear.

Many of us are unaware of how our tensions gather in our shoulders. Try squeezing your partner's. He or she might find it quite painful to begin with, but this will gradually lessen. The tension in those muscles can be to do with a lifetime of withheld expression and also with an inability to relax. But with some effort, we can learn to let go and have far more energy and vitality as a result.

We always look first at a person's face, especially their eyes. Large eyes show warmth and seem reassuring, but wide-open baby eyes can be immature and manipulative. The baby-eyed blonde might be more dangerous than you think! She's still asking daddy to give her exactly what she wants. Bulging eyes seem to have a nervousness or anxiety about them. They show a forceful way of reaching out, which most people find hard to respond to.

But just what do we respond to in each other? Being "sexy" is not necessarily anything to do with looks; sometimes we are surprised at how a pretty plain or ordinary man or woman magnetizes the opposite sex. What do they have that others don't? It may be some-

Photographs by Ian Potter

thing indefinable, something that really escapes explanation, but it is also to do with the state of a person's inner confidence and natural energy flow. It's that *joie de vivre* which comes from the life-force flowing unblocked on its way through the body.

Stop and look – you'll realize that a huge part of human communication is non-verbal. We communicate in many ways, but there are things you can tell from the structure and shape of a body. Understanding this is a relatively new science. This is the area where mind and body meet.

The way we move, the way we behave, is the sum total of our childhood. Things have happened to us all from infancy onwards which have affected our sexuality and therefore our behaviour. Are you truly a sexually potent human being? Are you happy, healthy, uninhibited, spontaneous, free-flowing, flexible in mind and body? If you can't say yes to question two, the answer has got to be no to question one!

The fascinating study of body-mind arose out of the work of Wilhelm Reich, a brilliant Viennese psychoanalyst who was a contemporary of Freud. Freud, the father of psychoanalysis, is famed for his theory of the sex drive being the basis of all our behaviour, but Reich, at a time when prissy morality and sexual repression were rife, went a daring step further than Freud, building upon the great man's theories and ingeniously and daringly uncovering the real problems of his patients, relating them to sexual energy blockages which resided in the body.

He believed that sexual energy was the most sublime energy of all. He wrote in his diary in 1919: "Perhaps my own morality objects to it. However, from my own experience and from observation of myself and others, I have become convinced that sexuality is the centre around which revolves the whole of social life as well as the inner life of the individual."

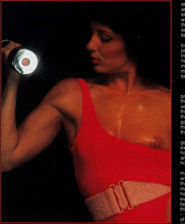
He was totally convinced that a truly healthy human being was one who regularly engaged in loving and uninhibited sexual activity, leading to a wholesome and thoroughly satisfying orgasm. As a result, he also believed all neurotic behaviour was to do with blocked sexual energy.

Sexual Energy

From his work with hundreds of patients who came to consult him, he concluded it was sexual repression which caused so many neuroses. He stated quite firmly that young people need to have sex from the age of 13, but were stopped from doing so by society's rules. This in turn set up neurotic troubles for later life.

He said that a healthy individual – one who was "orgastically potent", had no need of being restricted by repressive morality. They would have no real hang-ups. If the libido – sexual energy – which is constantly building up, is regularly discharged during sexual intercourse, there will be no aggressive or cruel tendencies. Such people would always behave spontaneously and responsibly. If we were all free-flowing in this way, not only would we be moving around with the fluid grace of race horses, we'd need no moral codes or restraining laws.

What does "orgastically potent" mean? It means you are able to surrender completely to the flow of biological energy which is built up during lovemaking, with no restricting inhibitions, followed by the total discharge of the excitation built up through naturally occurring and uncontrolled contractions of the body. The orgasm, therefore, was designed to release stress and anxiety through sexual union.



But this doesn't actually happen for most people, even though they may be living under the illusion that they are sexually potent. In fact, the man or woman who goes to bed with one partner after another in rapid succession is probably the one who gets least out of the experience of lovemaking and who probably has an inferiority complex into the bargain. The woman who is said to be wearing her heart on her sleeve is literally looking for love – the love she feels was never available to her. But it's an endless search.

She is probably suffering from constant guilt and anxiety and is rather a masochist, too. One symptom of this can be rape fantasies while making love. One of my friends finally left his live-in girlfriend because he didn't want to have to play at raping her every time they had sex. But at the same time, he was incapable of helping her with the root cause of her problem.

Good relationships have to start with loving ourselves; that is, feeling stable, secure and confident.

If our sexual energies are dammed up because they are never fully released, they affect the personality in unhealthy ways. Feelings get stultified and rigidity sets in – both in the way we behave and in the body itself. How many people do you know who have naturally supple, flexible bodies? We were born flexible. We become conditioned into rigidity.

Perhaps because you were a boy, you were told you shouldn't cry or because you were a girl, your natural exuberance was curbed because you were meant to be "sugar and spice and all things nice". The feelings you were taught to repress became frozen and in turn became what Reich called "body armour". This protects, but it also keeps a lot of good things locked out. According to this theory, our characters develop out of blocked sexuality.

Your archetypal battering, booming, bosom-heaving mother-in-law didn't stand a chance from the start. And she didn't have much of a love life either. So maybe we can at least begin to understand the harridan we all hate to love . . .

Now it may sound bland and boring if you're out for sensation, but in the ideal world according to Reich, the fully-functioning personality would have great fluidity and hardly any character at all.

But all this character armour we lumber around with does apparently affect our sex lives a very great deal – and there's the rub. Wilhelm Reich discovered that many of the women he treated didn't have orgasms, and many of the men simply had erections and ejaculations.

The man who boasts most about how many times he can perform in one night is in fact probably the one who is getting least pleasure out of the exercise. Beware the loudmouth holding forth at the bar – it's all hot air. This man is looking to conquer women, to prove his virility in a futile search to overcome his feeling of inferiority.

What is the real experience? There is a very definite cycle in the act of lovemaking. During the first phase, sexual tension is heightened bit by bit and the movements of the couple are controlled. In the second phase, there are involuntary muscular contractions which should be accompanied by a clouding of consciousness. The sexual tension built up during the first phase is released during orgasm and leaves the lovers in a state of pleasant equilibrium.

But lots of people don't experience this clouding of consciousness and cannot surrender themselves enough. This means they are left with sexual energy dammed up in the body, and it is this leftover energy which feeds neurotic symptoms.

Reich discovered all of this and broke away from established psychoanalitic tradition in order to treat it. He actually began to touch his patients instead of merely talking to them and by various movements and manipulations, he began to dismantle their body armour.

Incapable

Some of his colleagues misinterpreted his theory and blithely told their patients to go off and have sexual intercourse. They missed the vital point, however, which was that these people were incapable of gaining enough pleasure from lovemaking for it to be of benefit to them.

Are you one of those people who get low back pain after sex, for example? If so, it indicates you have been unable to let go enough, and that the pain is caused by holding on to your feelings.

Are your relationships open and mature? They can only be so if you are fully alive and healthy and therefore have an unblocked body-mind. The more blockages you have, the less vital you become in every way. Your orgasms, far from being rich and rewarding – something which involves the whole body – will be whittled down to a fraction of their potential – a small, fluttering genital experience.

But all is not lost! Even though these chronic and troublesome blocks take years to build up on an unconscious level – that is what makes them so difficult to recognize – they can be removed by various therapeutic methods.

While Reich was condemned in his own day, at a time when bourgeois society with its rigid rules and prejudices reigned supreme, his ideas have now been incorporated into many therapy methods which are growing in popularity.

Advertisements for such things as gestalt, encounter, bioenergetics, Rolfing, primal therapy and so on, litter the back pages of some magazines and all can help in their own way. But some are so potentially powerful in their effects, it is wise to be careful about who you consult.

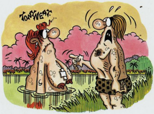
The polite citizens of Vienna – where all of this began in the early part of this century – might have believed the liberation of the swinging 60s was the beginning of the end of civilization as we know it, for Freud believed that "civilization" owed its existence to sexual repression.

But Reich, one of his star pupils, turned that idea on its head.

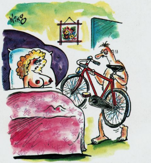
Mrs Whitehouse, perhaps you missed the point?

And by the way, how do you look in the bath . . .?♣

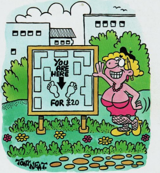
·G·A·G· Lines

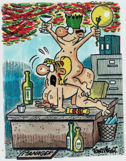


If you Jane, me poofter

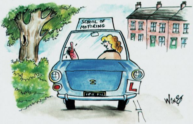


Look, Eric – when I said I'd like to try it with a bisexual . . .


YOU ARE HERE
FOR £20
TONY NEAT


MANAGER
TONY NEAT

When you said you were holding an office party this year, I thought you meant for **all** the staff!


SCHOOL OF MOTORING
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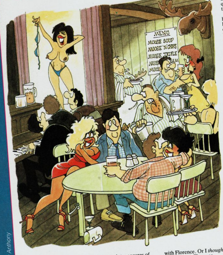
WING

Just one more thing, Mr Jenkins – I can't get used to this stubby, purple-headed gearstick

The lighter side of sex

The trouble with sex is that some people are inclined to take it far too seriously. Why? It's supposed to be amusing, after all. To remind you of this, Club invites its readers to relate their most hilarious build-ups, knock-backs and let-downs in the pursuit of erotic excellence. The much-travelled Alistair, from Twickenham, relates his odd encounters of the carnal kind . . .



CANADA PRY

I was not quite 21. I was in Montreal. I was getting pleasantly smashed on Canadian pint measures of Moulson. I was also a virgin, even though I had just finished my National Service back in England, and I was with Florence. Or I *thought* I was. Myself, Florence, Blanche and Roy comprised 25 per cent of the inmates of Big Looey's Rooming House on St. Marc. Big Looey was a squat *bohunk* – a middle-European emigré – given to quirky outbursts of morality: the rules of the house.

The rules of the house, handwritten by Jack, his handyman/henchman (Looey couldn't write), included: "All here have gotta close the window when they use the crapper on account of the smell from the kitchen," and: "Men and women are not allowed to room together if they ain't legal." Big Looey sat on the porch every night to make sure the window of the "John" was closed when occupied, and that, as he put it: "No one is shacking up with nobody, no-ways in dis goddamn joint." Renowned for his verbal elegance, was Looey.

In the Cafe Madeleine on St. Catherine West, a girl with stretch marks was stripping, the "bus boys" (table cleaners) were refilling the salt canisters to froth up the draught beer, and Blanche was speaking to me.

"Honey, Blanchee would like a piece of arse . . ."

"Eh?"

"Honey," said Blanche, sticking her salivating sexy tongue down my throat. "The play goes down thisaways. Roy wants Florence, which is okay by me. He don't wear a tie and don't speak proper – not like you."

Blanche was a well-tanned blonde – and, yes, I was interested, especially when she pressed her thigh against mine and said: "I love ya, doll," midst all the din of the Madeleine.

"Yuh can't grabba holt of his prick here, lady; not unless yuh have another drink," said our bus boy. "Tips is what the job's alla 'bout!"

We had more drinks, we danced, we kissed and groped openly. Florence and Roy had already disappeared, and when we got home, there was Big Looey in his usual place on the step of the porch.

We said goodnight, and he grunted. We went upstairs into the double bed I shared with Roy. Roy was with Florence in No. 6 – the girls' room along the passage.

"Blanche," I said. "I want you so much, but we might get thrown out."

"So, Looey can go take a flying fuck at himself already!" Blanche shouted, hopping into bed gloriously naked.

She reached for my tool. I gasped and stiffened and was in. Boy, my first time . . . and it was everything I wanted it to be as Blanche French-kissed me and writhed like an electric alley cat under me, her breasts rock-hard with desire, pushing like needles into my own nipples.

There was a yell outside the bedroom window. Something crashed. There were raised voices, shouts of pain and pandemonium.

Big Looey had come a cropper. He had fallen from the drainpipe outside my first-floor bedroom. My heart sank. We would surely be thrown out . . . but I had not reckoned with Blanche. Blanche threw the window right up, stuck her tits over the sill and screamed: "So who's the nosey sonofabitch peeping into a lady's bedroom, eh? Go get ya crutches on . . . and we'll meet in court, ya creep!"

Illustrations by Anthony

OWN GOAL

Don't try to sleep with a girl the first night you take her out, they say. Not if you *really* like her. I liked Margaret a lot. At first, I liked her from 20 yards between her typing stool in the general office and my vantage point in accounts. Slowly but surely I wormed my way in. We went for a drink; we made a date. I took her to the flicks, and didn't make a pass. I took her to supper and didn't hold hands. I took her home, and *said* goodnight on her doorstep. Went to her wedding recently. I wasn't the groom. She came over, a bit champagne-filled at the reception and said, with a peck on the cheek: "I really liked you before I met Ron, but you were so *slow* . . ."

IT'S IN THE BAG

The ferryboat for Athens left Heraklion at five. My cabin, which I had to share with three Greeks, smelled of garlic and cat's piss. And that was *before* they boarded. I decided it had been a mistake to take cattle class on the overnight, paint-peeled, sea-going disaster to the Greek mainland, as I watched the lights of Crete dim to whitey specks in the stars on a cloudless Aegean night. Only one thing to do; downstairs for some rather unpleasant *Moussaka* and a couple of bottles of *Retsina*, the local loonie juice. Then up on deck again to a canvas chair and oblivion.

It all worked so smoothly. First in and first out in the zoo-class restaurant. A deckchair with my back to the engine room open flue – and goodnight, everybody.

I came to amid a crashing and moaning. Befuddled, I saw that the sea was very rough; the stars had decided to knock off early, and the wind was farting hard to port. I stood up. *Bang*! My head smacked an iron crossbar, and the stars came out again for a few seconds.

"FUCK!" I said.

"FUCK!" as my stomach advised me we were both going to enjoy a technicolour yawn at any moment. I made the rail and heaved in tune with the ship.

Groggy, but feeling better-tempered, I unsteadily made my way to the chair again, covered my bleeding head, and sat down.

"I shouldn't stay there all night. I think you might have shock; um, second-degree shock," said a female voice on the deck, near a companion hatch about ten yards in front of me. "I'm a nurse at Birmingham General, in charge of casualty."

Her bubble-cut brunette curls emerged out of a sleeping bag to reveal a bare pair of shoulders, as she rested her elbows on the wooden deck. I liked the sound of the voice. Not la-di-dah or common; *competent*, that was it.

"What shall I do, then?"

"You can come in here, if you like. It's sheep-lined, and I'm nude, but the state you're in . . ." She laughed and left the sentence unfinished.

I took off my jeans, shirt, and shoes, and stepped in wearing my Y-fronts, socks, and a searing headache.

"Here, take these. Straight down. I've got a tin of Coke for you to swallow them with," she said, handing me two pills. She was in control.

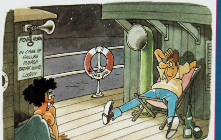
I thanked her, and fell back in a deep sleep.

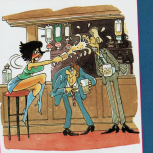
The next time I woke up, something pleasant was happening. We were making love. She was on top, with her mouth on mine, her finger massaging my neck muscles in a most professional manner. My headache had gone, and so had my Y-fronts.

"No, you're not imagining things," she whispered in my ear, as she shafted me with an increasing lack of medical decorum.

I exploded on cue, lost in a miasma of warmth and desire. "Ah, better be off," she said afterwards, nodding towards the first streak of dawn in the eastern sky.

At home the next night, in the *Duck & Feathers*, I told the story to Paddy, the guvnor. He leaned across the counter, in that confidential way all born barmen have, and said quietly: "I shouldn't be telling that one to any of the lads in here. They might think you're still concussed."


FOG HORN
IN CASE OF FAILURE PLEASE BREAK WIND LOUDLY



TAKING ON THE MYSTERY WOMAN

The girl with Dorian fascinated me as she sat with her legs crossed on a bar stool by the counter in the *King's Arms*. Horse-faced, spirited, with a pale-blue mini skirt and boots, she must have been a good five-foot ten. Dorian was one of Shepherd Market's mystery men in the early 60s, one of those who managed to imbue the company with a sense of excitement. Some said he was an arsehole; others liked him. He stood his round, and pulled the birds like an aviary keeper.

Her name was Jenny, and she was a bit of a mystery, too. She had been "something to do" with Scotland Yard, but couldn't talk about it. She had been to London University, and didn't like the male herd *en masse*.

"Such little boys. You're all boring, and you think you're so big . . . Oh, dear, have I just made a smutty remark?"

She flexed her legs with confidence, not troubling to smooth down the brief mini, aware that they were her most attractive feature.

"Yes, I *know* they are," she snapped at me. But I've a mind, too."

"Then give me a chance to be properly introduced to it," I said. "Stop putting on an act."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you can't have it both ways. You are a very sexy girl, as you *don't* need me to tell you. You sit and flash – quite deliberately – inviting sensual comment, and then you give anybody who rises – that's a smutty joke, too – to the bait a verbal box around the ears. In fact, it is *you* who is boring."

Jenny's eyes flashed in resentment. Her legs squirmed together and her skirt rode right up to her thighs, showing a blue triangle of brief underneath. "Dorian, why did you introduce me to this slob?"

"Do you know who played at Lord's in the morning, and Wembley in the afternoon?" I asked, innocently.

"Ah-ha, you can't fool me on *that* one, clever dick," said Jenny, triumphantly. "Denis Compton!"

"You're wrong."

"WHO, then?"

"The band of the Welsh Guards!"

As I ducked, the contents of Jenny's half-pint of bitter sailed over my head and hit Dorian. "You clever bastard!" she hissed.

Leave when you're ahead has always been my motto. I got out of the old pub and caught the bus to Fulham. I had been in about an hour when there was a knock at the door. It was Jenny. All alone. "Can I stay with you tonight?" she asked, smiling at me. "I could say I have nowhere else to go but that wouldn't be true. I like men with spirit. I can't stand whingers and cringers."

I stood there, mouth agape.

"Do you like my legs?" she went on.

"Yes."

"Then let's go to bed and see how they fit around your neck," she whispered, coming towards me as she unzipped her brief blue mini, pure lust in her eyes.♣

PILBEAM'S PROGRESS

A WEEK IN POLITICS – Part 14

Notes towards the autobiography of a working politician. Dictated by ERNEST PILBEAM MP (left on a bus by Ms Cheryl Pagge and picked up by TYM MANLEY).

EDITOR'S NOTE: IN PREPARING THESE HISTORIC DOCUMENTS FOR THE PRESS, WE HAVE TAKEN GREAT CARE TO ADHERE CLOSELY TO THE ORIGINAL. THE EXPRESSION "(EXDEL)" INDICATES WHERE AN EXPLETIVE HAS BEEN DELETED. "TITSYPOOH" IS PILBEAM'S PET NAME FOR MS PAGGE (HIS SECRETARY AND PRIVATE ASSISTANT). "PIGGY" IS HER PET NAME FOR HIM. YEUCH!

Monday:

I don't know much about nymphomania, but I know what I like! And today I'm flying off to the land of nymphos – Russia. I've heard that all those huge Ruskie women are just begging for it – what with your average Russian being so pissed all the time he doesn't give an (exdel).

Can't remember who told me now, but I think it was Guy Burgess – or was it Philby? Could have been Peter Wright! All a bit economical with the truth, of course, that lot. Better leave all this out, Titsypoohs. Don't want anyone to work out that I was the sixth man!

EDITOR'S NOTE: MOLE HUNTERS BEING THE HUMOURLESS PEOPLE THEY ARE, I THINK IT MUST BE POINTED OUT THAT PILBEAM – WHO COMES OUT IN A RASH AT THE MENTION OF THE WORD "COMMUNIST" – IS JOKING! HE HAS NEVER BEEN IN INTELLIGENCE AND IT WAS ALL BEFORE HIS TIME. SO DON'T RAID OUR OFFICES AND TAKE ALL OUR PAPERS, PLEASE!

Good bit coming up, Titsy. I have been invited to Russia by the Union of Free Democratic Communications Workers, to help them in their glorious task of setting up a Western-style free Press. Just one example of the way things have changed in Russia under the Glasnost policy of my good friend Mike Gorbachops.

It is a singular honour for the publisher of the *Truth*, the foremost ornament of Britain's free Press, to be asked to show the Russians how a really great newspaper works in Britain and how it can work for them.

EDITOR'S NOTE: THIS LUDICROUS SELF-SERVING PARAGRAPH MAY, AS HE PROBABLY INTENDED, BLIND READERS TO THE FACT THAT THE *TRUTH* IS A SCURRILOUS, IRRESPONSIBLE, SALACIOUS, LYING, SCANDAL SHEET NOT FIT TO BLACK THE FLONGS OF THE *NEWS OF THE WORLD*.

Byeee, TP. Tonight I'll be (exdelling) in Red Square!

Tuesday:

Well, I've seen the society of the future and it doesn't work! What a drab dump. My hotel is nowhere near Red Square, it's in some poxy suburb – all high-rise buildings and a stink of piss in the lobby. Just like Thames Marsh, actually. I can see where Red Len and his loony friends on the council got the blueprint for their socialist borough. Only difference is the streets are cleaner.

Funny thing, socialism. Most of my best friends have been on the Left, now I come to think about it, and I suppose the main reason I like them is their incredible optimism.

And that's what makes them (exdel) everything up! I mean, they really *believe* that if people are given the right conditions and are thoroughly lectured about being nice to each other they will turn away from their instinctive greed and become loving, sharing, social beings.

You have to admire their faith, for all they're completely barmy. The sad truth is that the only way to make people anything like the perfect social specimen is to surround them with barbed wire and put machine-gun posts on every corner like they do here. And pretend it's working.

They all pretend that. My guide – who is built like a bear and is called Eva – always says people are free in Russia to do "anything they wanting". And just to prove it, she never lets me out of her sight. Doesn't come into the gents exactly, she just listens at the door (I'm trying to pee in Morse just to excite her). So Eva's watching me, but she has a so-called assistant who scares her stiff, and he is watching her. And the desk clerk is watching the assistant, the porters are watching him – even the bed bugs belong to the KGB. Went for a walk this morning. Eva followed me and all the rest followed her. I felt like a dog on heat.

No nymphos yet. Nothing much at all. Nothing in the shops – except the tourist shops and they only take real money – so the Ruskies are very down at heel.

All wearing jeans! (Exdel) it! I've 20 pairs in my case!! Some berk told me they would sell for a fortune. Must have been Anthony Blunt! What they *do* want is (exdel) vodka! Can't get it under the new "openness" policy. Perhaps that's why there aren't as many nymphos as I expected.

Later: It is an utter disgrace that a prominent newspaper publisher, such as myself, should be brought here on false pretences to be humiliated!

Notorious skirt-lifter verifying a point of anatomy with a Risk Features cameraman

I went to the Communications seminar this afternoon. What a let-down! They didn't want to ask me about setting up a free Press in Russia at all. They wanted to know how to set up a *biased* Press and just *pretend* it's free.

"Like you do in Britain," smiled the secretary, a twisted little oaf called Alexei.

I protested vehemently, but the little (exdel) ducked just in time. Then he went on to slander British newspapers. "Every one of them," he said, "carries nothing but Tory Government propaganda – just like our papers carry Communist Government propaganda. But here the people *know* it's lies. How do you manage to fool them in Britain?"

I mentioned the *Guardian*, but he laughed. "No one *reads* it! We *also* have our intellectual dissident underground," he said. "They are not important." So I mentioned the *Mirror*. Alexei just laughed: "Right-wing revisionism," he sneered. "Like your State broadcasting service. We'd have all those fascists, like David Dimblebey, in a labour camp straight away.

Don't type this up, Titsy, but you know, he's absolutely right about the newspapers. I told him – forget (exdel) news, just make up gossip about celebrities. But they *have* no celebrities over here – except people in government and chess players. "Anyway," said Alexei, "the Russian people want news!"

Absurd idea! Who's ever heard of the public wanting anything more taxing than Janet and John go to an orgy!

But after a few vodkas I did realize how we keep our Press looking free. We just get the government to seize our files every so often! Alexei liked that. He's always wanted to send the editor of *Pravda* to a camp.

Got really friendly, me and Alexei. After a while I started dropping hints about being disillusioned with British politics. Keen to prevent war and so forth. Well, I've read *From Russia With Love*, Titsy. Remember how Bond found a beautiful girl in his bed dressed in nothing but a velvet bow? I could use some of that. I'm just desperate for them to compromise me!

Wednesday:

I'll tell Maggie that we can wind up M15! The Russian Secret Service is so (exdel) inefficient we don't need it!! After all that hinting – nothing. I gave them until ten o'clock then popped up to my room to tangle with the beautiful spy. Empty! Looked everywhere. Not even a bugging device. Obviously they don't think I'm important enough! It's an insult!

Well, I was feeling really randy, so I went downstairs to see if the hall porter could fix me up. He said he could, but there must have been a misunderstanding because, when I got back to my room, there was Eva – all 20 stone of her – in a negligée. Like a hippo in a tu-tu! Worse, simpering and wiggling her hips like a 20-year-old!

I watched, amazed, as she took off her frillies to reveal the corsetting underneath. Took off her bra and her tits hit the floor, I swear it.

She slumped on the bed and broke two of the legs. Didn't worry her, though. Took a flower from the vase, put it between her teeth, and beckoned me seductively.

Felt like running. But I thought there was bound to be a photographer around. They couldn't blackmail me over an (exdel). But for *avoiding* one – I'd never live it down. So I stripped off. And things got worse. My (exdel) just wouldn't stand up! I panicked. They really had something on me now! But Eva is obviously used to it.

"When the means of reproduction are in the hands of the working class they will grow to satisfy the demands of all," she said. "Karl Marx," she added.

"Pleased to meet you, Karl," I quipped. "Aaaagh!"

She grabbed me in a horny paw and my (exdels) shot up my (exdel). I realized I had to perform so I shut my eyes, thought of you, Titsy, and it worked.

Oh, Piggy, how sweet – Titsypoohs.

Actually, it was a lot of fun. Like windsurfing; sliding down slippery slopes with great waves of flesh breaking all around you.

I don't know much about nymphomania, but I know what I can do without. Three times wasn't enough. The fourth almost filleted me. The fifth time I ran. She followed. I nipped out on to the balcony and I'd let myself over the ledge before I realized we were five floors up. Had to let go. Got my feet inside the wall of the balcony below and managed to do a forward somersault in through the open door. I bumped into a lot of things, including something soft. There was a single horrendous scream.

I'd bumped into a girl; a beautiful, naked girl. She'd been kneeling on the floor before a half-dressed man. She held his (exdel) in her hand and it was the man who was screaming. I could see why. The girl's false teeth were still embedded in his foreskin!!

More interesting still. It was Red Len!

Laugh! I (exdelled) myself.

Len didn't. I think he's off oral sex, though. Once bitten and all that . . .

Seems he's here on a council junket, but is not supposed to be, or something. Said I won't tell. So long as he fixes it for me to have a beauty as well – teeth or no teeth. My pride is badly hurt. For a wimp like Len to get the red-star treatment while I have to pay for a performing bear – it's too much. I'm the one with the money and influence, damn it. But then I suppose that's socialism for you.

Later: Saw Len this morning. He's still in one lump, Tits, you'll be glad to hear. Apparently Red dentures aren't up to much. At least that's what Len says, adding that Tory Government cuts will soon make ours even softer!

I met a Russian Punk today. All spiky hair and bin liners. "Hi, man," he said. "You hep to some trade, Alligator?"

Apparently he learned all his English from rock records. He's bought my jeans and my Sony Walkman, so that's all right, but what I want is some tasty Red crumpet. I tried to explain this to Johnny. He didn't understand, so I tried his own language. "Know some chicks who dig the hot positions? Like to party? Yeah, man? Go, go, go? Liberated groupies, man?"

He smiled and beckoned me to follow him. Ended up in a flat full of scruffs. Reminded me of a Thames Marsh Council meeting. But the girls were special!

They were playing chess. I waited for a while for the orgy to start, but it seemed they were all too shy. So I said I'd teach them how we played chess in the West.

I played a lovely girl. Lithesome, lithe like a weasel. Oooh! But she could play! I'd just invented strip chess, so, every time I lost a piece, I took off a garment. They looked on wonderingly – admiring my physique, of course. But I could hardly wait to get my hands on her pawns. Finally I took one and gestured to her to remove her blouse. She was still shy, so I started to pull it off her when the others fell on me.

They gave me a real lecture. They're all Christians. Not keen on decadent Westerners. Even Johnny said I was being "uncool"!

"You tell me *hopposition* party," he said. "This is a leading dissident group."

I was glad to see Eva, despite the fact she came with some policemen. Apparently I have an unscheduled meeting with General Rollmeova – that's what it sounds like.

Doesn't seem too serious, though. They're allowing me to dictate this in the car.

Thursday:

General Rollmeovavitch is a funny, fat, pot-bellied little chap, but his wife is a smasher. Like Anneka Rice with knobs on – on the front as well, I mean. She started making a play for me as soon as she set eyes on me. I think she had me brought here, although the General did want to discuss defence policy.

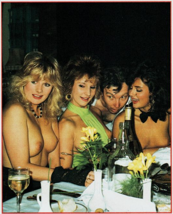
He turns out a real Tory. Scared stiff of Labour's unilateral policy or any arms reduction at all.

"The Kremlin stop fearing the Vest, Army suffers," he said. Leaving me wondering what sort of complex caused a fear of vests.

"Anyvay, if I vant, I conquer Europe in two veeks. You leaders never use nukes, yes?"

All this time his wife was playing footsie with me under the table. I could see, though, that I had to reinforce our deterrent, although, of course, he's dead right. Maggs would never push that button.

"Shouldn't be so sure of that, old chap," I said, trying to sound properly British. "Had to drag Maggie kicking and screaming away from that button three times this year. She gets drunk, you see. Awful lush. Very unpredictable," I lied.



Entirely new vote-catching strategy still purely in the rehearsal stages

That sobered him up fast. Quite right, too. The only way one can use nukes as a credible deterrent is to have totally irresponsible leaders.

I longed for a quick (exdel) with Mrs R all night, but it couldn't be arranged. And after all that peppered Vodka, I ended up too drunk to care.

Friday:

Meetings all morning. Very boring. But tonight should be better. I've arranged to meet up with Johnny and take him to the disco. It's for foreigners and top brass only, so he'd never be able to get in without me. Says there's some real tasty crumpet there. He's very upset about the other night – you know, with the "hopposition groupie". He says: "Hey, you should have asked for a piece of ass, man!"

Sunday (I THINK):

Ernest is in trouble, Tits. Real trouble. I did go to the disco with the Punk but they didn't want to let him in so I made a fuss. Luckily, who should be there but General and Mrs Rolmeovavitch. They had the clout to get us in and I sat with them while Johnny "made with the hip scene".

Actually it was dead boring, a bit like the Whisky-a-Go-Go in 1969. But Mrs R (she's called Iraina), really put it about for me. Leaning over and letting her feet caress my thighs and jiggle my (exdel). I had such a hard-on I nearly tipped the table over when I got up to phone you, Titsy. And Iraina actually fell down when she tried to let me out! I discovered why quickly enough. One of her high heels had come off in my fly! But no one noticed in the confusion.

I would say thank you for sending the telegram so quickly, Titsy, but the way things have turned out . . .

EDITOR'S NOTE: A COPY OF THE TELEGRAM ACCOMPANIES THIS SECTION. ADDRESSED TO PILBEAM IN MOSCOW IT READS "PM VERY DRUNK AGAIN. RAVING ABOUT REDS. LEAVE TARGET AREA SOONEST – TP."

Anyway, it worked. The General left. Iraina and I danced all night, but he didn't return. Probably quivering in the Kremlin bomb shelter, she said. Wouldn't be back all night.

We were both quite drunk and she only had one shoe, so we walked back to her place clinging together, one hand in each other's pants.

We got to the barracks all right, but there were sentries everywhere – apparently the whole war machine was on the alert because of that telegram.

We certainly couldn't wait, so we climbed through a tarpaulin into the back of an army truck and set to there. What a wonderful (exdel).

But we slept too deeply and too long. Woke up to hear the truck start up and roll off, but we daren't move. We just clung together in there, hoping.

Imagine our surprise when the tarpaulin fell open, the missile launcher rose on a hiss of air and we went up with it! Bollock naked, *in flagrante delicto* on the fins of a missile. And right in front of Mikhail Gorbachev as he took the salute in Red Square. With General R on his right hand!

Gorbachev smiled. The General fainted. The crowd laughed! I bet *that* wasn't on telly, eh?

I will probably never know. Here I sit in the Lubiyanka jail, accused of treason. Missing the political excitement at home.

And knowing that Margaret will do nothing to get me out. She'd never swap anyone for me.

Except, perhaps, son Mark.

"If you want to be a convincing transvestite, you've got to learn all about the opposite sex..."

Chris Lloyd talks to

STEPHANIE LLOYD

The name of the game here – and the shop, incidentally – is *Transformation*. And that is exactly what happens. Human appearances are altered, radically speaking. Men walk in to try on women's clothing (anything from white cotton knickers to a full-length empire-line dress, made to measure and complete with matching handbag, patterned stockings and seven-inch stiletto heels), are taught the basic principles of applying face powder and lipstick and, to all intents and purposes, slip right over the gender line.

Call it a kind of wonderland, if you like. But don't get me wrong. I'm not talking about advice from smoking caterpillars or bad-tempered red queens who play croquet with flamingo beaks. This is a *real*, tangible wonderland where, for instance, all traces of tell-tale beard stubble are skilfully erased, prominent Adam's apples are concealed by cameo chokers, blouses discreetly padded with false breasts that no longer resemble two maraschino cherries on bright yellow foam balloons, and free Cona coffee is dispensed to anyone who wishes to make an unhurried purchase. It's situated in North London, too, a stone's throw from Euston station. In other words, it's easy to get to.

Stephanie Ann Lloyd, transsexual businesswoman and brains of the outfit, will tell you this is the whole idea. In a quiet, unruffled tone of voice which still carries a vestige of masculinity, she'll explain how important it is that an enterprise such as this is built around the notion of easy access to it, in addition to its various protection schemes to ensure complete confidentiality. But since the business started up in Prestwich, Manchester, she's had quite a task acquiring premises with which to run it effectively. Local councils are not too thrilled at the prospect of granting planning permission or licences to people they tend to regard as busy defying those good old laws of nature, holding them up to ridicule.

Sex Change

She herself has gone the whole way. She had the sex-change operation some years back, which, when it was leaked to the *Daily Mirror* for yet another tawdry and badly embroidered exclusive, dealt the killer-blow to her former life as a successful, married man with three kids, home, car, garden, pets, mortgage, insurance and holidays abroad in the sun. How to become a minority group of one overnight, eh? But this is her story, after all. Let her tell you all about it herself . . .

How did the story of your sex change manage to hit the headlines?

Well, I was marketing director for a large public company, on the board itself. They were very good. The chairman persuaded me to stay on through the sex change and continue to do my job, which obviously included managing hundreds of staff, suppliers and customers. It was all handled extremely well. I commanded enough respect to survive that shock and carry on. But one of the staff, at quite a low level, sold the story to the *Mirror* for £100.

The first I knew about it, I was in Paris at an exhibition and I phoned my secretary who warned me that we had a couple of reporters trying to buttonhole employees in the local pub. Of course, no one from management or the board would talk to them. I came home on Saturday night, straight from the airport, got out of my car and suddenly photographers leapt out literally from the bushes to take pictures. I told them I could not give them a statement.

Nevertheless, come Monday morning, there it was, what they called their Worldwide Exclusive with banner headlines – SEX CHANGE BY THE BOSS, all on page three. So at least I can claim to have been a Page Three Girl.

Was there a word of truth in the feature?

Hardly, because they had obtained a cock-and-bull story from people who didn't know the facts, and they couldn't extract the truth from those that did. So, being the sort of paper they are, they invented things. For instance, while it was true that three years earlier I had been shipped back from the Far East because I'd been very ill there, and had three months off work, somehow they managed to put the two together to claim that I'd caught a rare tropical disease which resulted in my having to change sex!

Presumably this forced your company's hand as far as keeping you on, didn't it?

Yes, I was far too hot to handle. The chairman explained that things had become too tricky, and they were frightened of the shareholders. I told him not to worry, and I resigned. Faced with the prospect of not being able to support my family, I went to court within days of this and agreed to give my ex-wife absolutely everything, which left me penniless.

Unemployable

I was unemployed, unemployable by definition and I had no money. The DHSS housed me temporarily, while I discovered that the people I regarded as friends became sort of dust specks on the horizon. Absolutely no one stood by me once I'd lost that power. When all the trappings of that went, everything else disappeared with it.

So it was at this point that you came up with the commercial prospect of catering for transvestites?

Yes, because I knew I had to come up with something. No one doubts your ability, you've got an excellent track record, but you're strictly bad news. Strictly as an evolutionary measure, I knew I'd have to set up in business on my own. I needed to turn my transsexuality into an advantage, rather than the chronic disadvantage it was, and there isn't a great deal of room for manoeuvre inside that perimeter.

Some three years previously, I'd been to a shop to purchase some shoes for myself. It wasn't a pleasant experience. I thought the selection, the quality, the facilities and the attitude of the staff there left a lot to be desired, and there was no way I would have shopped there if it had been a normal purchase, say food or furniture. I also had to pay through the nose for a pair that would fit me.

That was my opening and thus the idea for *Transformation* was born. Of course, I went to the usual places, but no one was interested in unsecured loans. Banks are very helpful if you're asking for less than they can take from you in securities. That left me with the private sector and I advertised in the Manchester *Evening News*. It read something like: "Mature Businesswoman with Innovative Ideas Seeks Capital Investment in return for 50 per cent of the Equity." It was through that ad that I met the guy I'm now married to. But I had about 36 other replies, with the usual crop of people who imagined your body was part of the equity, and other colourful variations on a theme.

Even with the investment behind you, wasn't it difficult to set up such a business?

Absolutely. When we opened up in Prestwich, we got a tremendous amount of hassle from the council. As you know, all minority things are steeped in fear and misunderstanding, and people automatically believe that you're bound to be too weird to deal with on a rational basis. For instance, one of the most common mistakes that are made regarding transvestites is that they're all gay. This is not the case. There are gay ones, but the majority are heterosexual.

Why is it, do you think, that opinion is so strongly biased on the gay angle?

The cross-dressing alone sows that seed, I'm afraid. Once you step into clothes traditionally associated with the opposite sex, you're pretending to be a woman, therefore you're trying to attract men, which means you're gay. It's also convenient for those who don't bother to think things through to lump transvestites, transsexuals and homosexuals together, and yet they are three very different, distinct groups.

I'll give you one example. We've got one person writing to us at the shop here who calls himself "Esmerelda, The Cloud Goddess", and frankly, I've never come across anybody who's in the sector he's in.

What's so special about him?

Basically, he says he's not TV, not TS, not gay, nor is he a drag artist. In other words, all he does is live out these fantastic characters, all of which are female, inside a storyline that he's invented. You can't place that anywhere. He's a loner.

Bad reactions must be something you're used to by now, but do you think you're dealing with something that can be changed, or are you resigned to the idea that it'll always be this way, set apart from other people?

I think the situation can be improved by education. Every article that appears on the subject of transvestism – as long as it's well-written and not prejudicial at the outset – increases public awareness, and I don't believe people remain frightened of something once they begin to understand it.

All the staff who work in our shop in London or Manchester, for example, had never heard of TVs until they actually started, and I suppose quite a number didn't even bother to turn up for interview because of the strange conception they must have had as to what a TV is. People get hysterical very easily when something's too strange, but the right information usually calms them down. But I don't think people like myself will be accepted as normal members of society during my lifetime. We have come a long way, though. Three hundred years ago, I would have burned at the stake as a witch.

Do you know why it is that people mock cross-dressing so relentlessly?

It's not fear alone that causes this reaction. Men have felt for centuries the need to prove their masculinity, and if they're seen in the company of someone who's wearing women's clothes or gone so far as to change their gender, they're simply terrified they'll be accused of losing their male identity. In that sense, it's far easier to be accepted by a woman than a man. Women don't have as many ego hang-ups.

What first alerted you to the fact that you wanted to commit yourself to a sex-change operation?

From an early age, in fact, although I didn't translate it properly until approximately 12 years ago, when I knew I was transsexual. I had these recurring dreams that always involved girls who were perhaps not as feminine as other girls. I used to dream that their parents had wanted a son, that the girl didn't want to be a girl and that somehow I was kidnapped, we were both operated on – no detail – so that she became a boy and I became a girl.

I had that dream most nights throughout my life and I had nothing to do with males or females until I met and married my wife at 21. There'd been a few skirmishes, rummaging and attempts but I always thought it was a bit sort of smelly. Then I met my wife, and I reacted to her like I've never reacted to anybody. We were engaged within a fortnight and married within three months. I'm still closer to her than I'll ever be to any other female, and the tragedy is that we split up, not because there was anybody else, but just this lead weight around my neck which got heavier and heavier, until I finally decided to lift it.

You stopped having these recurring dreams when your wife came into the picture?

Yes, I seemed to be able to function quite adequately. I produced twin boys and a girl. If any guy needs to be convinced of his masculinity, then siring twin boys must be the ultimate proof. But our relationship started to go downhill sexually after about seven years, and she sought outside assistance to find out what was wrong. Then she came home one night and said: "I know what it is, you're transsexual." I didn't even know what the word meant then. I underwent psychiatric and medical tests, where they discovered I had chromosomal disorders, then I began hormonal therapy, electrolysis and all the other stuff leading up to the operation itself.

The word "notoriety" travels with you. It's even on your **Transformation** ***brochure. Do you feel "fame" is too bland a word for what you've done?***

I can't say I've become famous because I haven't got a specific talent to hang it all on. I'm not a pianist or a singer. I was simply propelled into the sudden and full glare of public eye from complete anonymity, contrary to my own desires. Because of the stories that followed, I became notorious, maybe even *in*famous, but certainly not famous.

Does it put people who shop at your stores and stay in your hotels at their ease when they see how well you've adapted to your present circumstances?

Oh, yes, I think the experiences I've gone through have helped me to develop a quality of empathy with cross-dressers and so on, mainly as most of the problems are common ones – getting the right shoes, showing yourself in public for the first time, being mocked, all terrifying ordeals. They know I've suffered these things, and so they write letters to me, about 12-15 per day, and I answer them all personally, and now through my new magazine, *TV Scene.*

Was there a specific reason why you selected Manchester as a launch-pad for* Transformation*?

I launched it there because for any specialist business, you need a large population to draw from initially. Manchester fits the bill, just as London does. They're both big conurbations. Manchester's also located right in the centre of Britain. If you study any map, you'll see it's about half-way down the country. If I'd have been living in Leeds, the business would still have been in Manchester. The actual location was chosen very carefully, near Junction 17 of the motorway, where all the motorways intersect up there. Our Euston location went through the same rigorous analysis.

In your catalogue, the words "exclusively" and "solely" for transvestites occur, setting the whole thing apart. Is that deliberate?

In my view, you cannot compromise and do both things well. We do have competitors, and they're selling large women's size clothes to men, since large women's-size clothes are proportionate to men, the arms being longer, the body length longer, the shoulders broader and the neck much bigger, too. Really, what that entails for the customer's satisfaction is specialist clothes, designed specifically to cater for needs which are not being decently considered elsewhere. TVs always come in a poor second inside women's shops.

Currently, for instance, it is fashionable for women to wear padded shoulders. Now, this is absolutely wrong for a TV, who wants to take away from that area in order to emphasize femininity. Why should they accept standards they wouldn't accept in any other sphere? TVs have always had to put up with poor-quality goods at sky-high prices, and yet they're probably very fastidious people in other walks of life. Up till now, they've had no choice.

You have described cross-dressing as "an innocent pastime that combats stress, avoids emotional involvement and is free from the risks of transmitted diseases". Could you clarify this?

Well, the thing we notice most when TVs arrive at our shop and hotel to make use of our cross-dressing facilities, is that they seem to live outside themselves – whether it's an alter-ego or pure fantasy – and leave all their worries behind them. Without exception, they assume a more gentle personality, step right out of their day-to-day frustrations and hostilities, and admit to feeling really serene, at peace – and words to that effect.

Transformation
TV Specialists
POST 50-5

50-52 Eversholt Road, where the goods are – and easy to get to

Innocence

The innocence is more obvious. It's not like when you're having an affair with a third party, and the inevitability that someone's got to get hurt, whatever the actual outcome. Cross-dressing is an activity free from any of that, involving no third party for emotional or sexual reasons. It's just them on their own. The great majority of TVs manage successfully to follow it in utter secrecy without their partners ever finding out.

Is that really true? You mean to say that wives aren't aware that their knicker-drawer has been rifled through or soiled in any way, or that items in their wardrobe have gone missing?

Well, there are risks, yes, if they use the wife's clothes, but most of them accumulate their own wardrobe. At our shops, we have hundreds of items belonging to customers, which we store for them, and they come to us to get changed. We make certain before they leave that there isn't a trace of make-up on their skin or clothing.

Admittedly, this is a new facility, but in my experience, most TVs reduce their urges in accordance with what they can get away with, keeping those garments in a carrier bag which is either up in the loft or hidden in the garage. Those are the two favourite places.

So there are different degrees of transvestism?

Certainly, there are different types of transvestite. There are those who only ever wear underwear – mainly knickers, which is obviously the most intimate female garment. In that category, perhaps they will add suspenders, stockings and a bra, but never go beyond that. Then there are people who want to dress at home in a particular fashion. They want to resemble a real tart with miniskirt, fishnet stockings and really heavy make-up. It doesn't look convincing, but they're satisfied with that. Then, after that, there are the ones who need to look convincing. They want to go out in what they've got on. That's why we do three types of make-up lesson – daytime, night-time and Over The Top. In the last one, we teach them to look like a tart, but really good.

Most sex manuals that acknowledge transvestism suggest therapy "as a couple", with a view to achieving a more conventional sex life. Do you feel you offer a satisfying alternative to couples, one of whom cross-dresses while the other doesn't?

That's a tough question. People often ask me whether they should tell their wife, and I cannot give a true answer because I don't know their wife. The only answer I can offer is that you cannot *un*-tell them. The knowledge can never be withdrawn. Transvestism is 99 per cent secret, so bringing it out into the open and trying to counsel your way out of it isn't really wise. Ignorance *is* bliss, and if the rest of their sex life is fine, then I say leave well alone.

The biggest problem people have sexually is boredom. Life is monotonous. If you have sex in the missionary position, once or twice a week for a couple of years, most couples will be bored to death. Everyone wants excitement and change. A sex life is no different in this respect. Most of our customers are heterosexual and very highly-sexed. After a day with us, they probably go home to the wife, make love to her with real passion, and she thinks: "My God, what's happened to you?" But she's pleased. It's like a vitamin supplement that both of them benefit from. I don't think it's ever a replacement.

What, if any, are the legal risks that a transvestite runs when he is out in public?

There is no law against impersonating a woman, although there is one against impersonating a policewoman. The other big danger, and we warn all our customers against doing this, is to avoid going to a ladies' lavatory. It could be misconstrued. They won't accept a simple explanation, however embarrassing it is. They'll think you're masquerading as a woman so you can do a Peeping Tom act over the top of the cubicles. The charge would be filed under "conduct likely to cause a breach of the peace". That's a catch-all that can be used to cover a wide multitude of suspicion.

If you're caught in a public situation – like if your car breaks down and the police stop to see what's wrong – as long as you don't do anything stupid, or fly into a panic, nothing can happen. There's no excuse if you walk down dark alleys dressed-up, and get picked up by mistake. The charge there would be soliciting. It doesn't matter if you're a man or a woman. The golden rules are – don't do anything a woman wouldn't do, and don't enter ladies' loos.

I came across the phrase "learning the social skills in being a woman" with regard to TV therapy training. What are these skills?

Everything about the way you live your life is governed by your gender – walking, talking, sitting, using your hands, how other people relate to you, everything. Therefore, if you want to be a convincing TV, you've got to learn all about the opposite sex. Most of our customers come in and sit with their knees apart. Women always keep their knees together and their legs crossed. It's so natural to them. Women are also more animated when they talk, using their hands a lot, whereas men tend to keep more still. Women also gabble on, run sentences into each other, fiddle with necklaces, braids of hair. But these are just little things, a fraction of the difference.

Successful

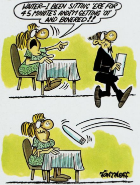
At *Transformation*, we don't just teach people how to dress and make-up properly, we instruct them in the art of behaviour. When I walk into a room full of new TVs, they all immediately stand up for me. Women don't stand up and shake hands, or open doors for other people. Even the way they hold cigarettes is different.

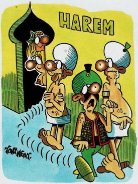
Would you describe yourself as a person who's had the best of both worlds, then?

Yes, perhaps I might, but there's still a great deal more that I'd like to accomplish. I'd like to be as successful in my life as a woman as I was as a man. I don't mean just career-wise, I mean totally. I'd also like to assist in the process of acceptance of minority groups, whoever they are. It's difficult to educate adults. Take the metric system, for instance. I still think in imperial figures – gallons, feet, inches, yards. But children have learned to think in metres and litres. That's where the hope lies.

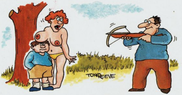
As for myself, I just got lucky. I'm remarried. First of all I was married to the most wonderful woman in the world, and now I'm married to the most wonderful man. I look at it that way. ♣

SKETCH CLUB

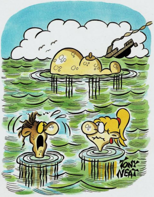

WAITER—I BEEN SITTING 'ERE FOR 45 MINUTES AND I'M GETTING 'OT AND BOVERED!!
TONY NEAT


HAREM
TONY NEAT

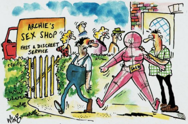
I don't like the look of that one – shorten his tongue by four inches!



I'm not sure I want my nipples pierced after all, Herbert!



That's no island – that's my wife!


ARCHIE'S SEX SHOP
FAST & DISCREET SERVICE
WING

I don't know what you're grumbling about, mate – it **is** in a plain wrapper

BED, BOOK AN

The first book on JIMMY DOYLE'S pile this month is called *The Old Gringo*, which could be his autobiography, but isn't. Another of his titles is *Cloud Nine*, which could be where he ends up after yet another visit from the lusty DOROTHEA, but doesn't. As for one of the video offerings, *About Last Night*, well, JD never makes excuses for his nocturnal activities, so we *know* this one isn't about him . . .

I sometimes wonder about my friend, Dorothea, and who exactly is jumping her bones at the precise moment I dial her number for an appointment. She's strange in the same way that dreams are strange. Maybe she'll try to sit on my lap while I'm standing up, or knock back a triple Scotch and throw food at the wall. Some days the butter simply isn't spreading on the toast. You never know with her. I guess that's why they call it suspense.

All last week I'd been listless, though, continually flopping into bed like something released from a bird's beak at high altitude, so I didn't think I had anything to lose. That is, until she spoke to me on the phone. Her voice goes pretty husky when she's pissed off. Even so, every time she says hello down the receiver, I feel as if I ought to be paying for what follows with an American Express card.

"Frankly, I can do without the books, Jimmy. My eyes aren't up to it, and nor's your cock. But put me in for the films. Sunday good for you?"

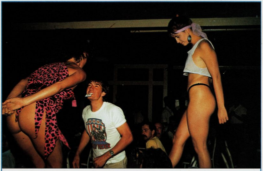
I said Sunday was fine, and took up where I'd left off with **The Old Gringo**, a novel which presents Carlos Fuentes' theory of what happened to that bitter, sardonic journalist, Ambrose Bierce, in 1913 after he crossed the American border into Mexico and disappeared from the planet, aged 71. According to Fuentes, Bierce was travelling light. He had ham sandwiches, cut-throat razor, toothbrush, a copy of *Don Quixote*, a clean shirt and a Colt 44 stashed in his underclothes. He was always a dead shot with that. Apparently, the idea was to be a good-looking corpse.

Furry Avocados

Once off his horse, the old man encounters a Mexican general fighting under Pancho Villa (with whom he joins up), and an East Coast school teacher (still beautiful but no longer in the springtime of her life) to whom he pours out his twisted soul. The sex between her and the general is fairly intense. He has long, hard testicles like a pair of furry avocados, unlike the white ones she may have glimpsed through a half-opened fly. One cock in her past she remembers as resembling "some dismal dwarf in a laundry shop", a description that put me in mind of Dorothea. She'd come out with something like that when she's not feeling too polite.

Bierce's greatest work was, thanks to archive work from Ernest Hopkins, **The Enlarged Devil's Dictionary**, from an original notion he had of parodying the lexicographical style along with Dr. John Satan as co-author. Thus *marriage* is "the state or condition of a community consisting of a master, a mistress and two slaves, making in all, two"; *garter* is "an elastic band intended to keep a woman from coming out of her stockings and desolating the countryside"; and *polygamy* is "too much of a good thing". This is acid from an authentic goosequill that you can read backwards, forwards, by letter, by definition, by random delving or all in one gulp.

Poetry doesn't often squeeze itself into these pages, mainly because it's hard to concentrate on sprung rhythm when someone might be stroking the hair on your scrotum. However, I was alone – and, besides, Ezra Pound's **The Cantos** should be on your shelves whether you make it all the way through or not. It's exactly 815 pages long, was designed to cover three periods of civilization, ie ancient, Renaissance and present-day, and is saturated with verse and imagery so perfectly uttered at times that it simply takes the ground away from your feet. Pound had what a fellow poet described as "a mystical ear". He also set out to X-ray the modern mind, examine the roots of its history, make it cohere. But the world in his head was so well organized, it really had no room for the world as it is.



Staunch raunch from Down Under and round the globes in 60 minutes with Electric Blue 24

Acrid Novels

Meanwhile, Eric Linklater looks set for a smart comeback after nearly half a century of profound neglect. He was bespectacled, owlish, slightly built, with a neat turn of phrase, especially if **Juan In America** is anything to go by. This is the modern descendant of that smooth bedroom operator, an intelligent pagan let loose on America in the Depression years where bodies fall from 14 storeys, yaks are fucking in public and people are shooting each other at point-blank range. Juan absorbs all this as hobo, hash-house cook on nights, bootlegger, soda jerk, vaudeville violinist and finally, Hollywood extra, pursuing ladies relentlessly. "Is it normal," asks one sentimental shrew, "to fall in love with a whole procession of women?" "Yes," replies Juan, "if they're all different, all pleasant to look at, and amusing to talk to." That gets my vote, believe me.

Cross the Atlantic and a decade back for Berlin's **Blue Angel Nights** and **Blue Angel Days**, two acrid erotic novels by the daughter of a German civil servant, Margaret von Falkensee, who escaped the Nazis only to die in a San Diego road accident. Like Heinrich Mann, she was interested in using sexual corruption as a metaphor for the complete destruction of social values. Her heroes, whether they're called Gerhart or Manfred, are inclined to discuss politics with a girl while one of their hands is down the front of her dress. Orgies are commonplace. Flesh becomes a canvas, where people paint what they like on it. Both **Days** and **Nights** are nothing less than polluted romances with all the organs of perversion in full swing. Cheerfully I could have read them, while Dorothea blew smoke in my direction.

Three years after his death in 1984, there's still a persistent cult following for Richard Brautigan, and Arena's just reissued three of his – **Sombrero Fallout**, **The Hawkline Monster** and **So The Wind Won't Blow It All Away** – to prove it. As the archetypal Brautigan character is a diffident, passive conservationist (found in odd libraries or close to fishing ponds), it is natural to place him squarely as an interesting relic

VIDEO

of the 60s, or one of the few footprints made by a pair of Jesus sandals that hasn't been entirely erased by the return to alcohol, the onset of nuclear power and the decline of what used to be lightly called "free love".

In his efforts to commit beautiful women to print and convey how boggled his senses were by them, Brautigan engineered some fairly insane verbal acrobatics, eventually falling down a dark, pharmaceutical manhole with Mother Nature and her nude children in tow. It doesn't really matter if a frozen Mexican hat has descended from the sky, or hired gunmen are dropping out on the range with a couple of weird sisters, because seriously uncritical faculties were on the case here. Too gentle by half.

It was getting close to Sunday and perhaps Dorothea's final visit before she visibly tired of such a conventional arrangement, so I got back on the track with two late examples of the thriller by James M. Cain, that very hard-boiled writer who virtually made adultery and murder inseparable. Insurance salesmen, estate agents and small businessmen, all with safe, steady lives, fall hard for lethal dames who cause instant pulse damage and bring male blood streams to the boil in 30 seconds flat. It doesn't matter if they're nice or nasty, they still mean trouble.

The Magician's Wife is called Sally and she needs her loaded husband out of the way, whereas **Cloud Nine** is slushy sex slang concocted by a teenage cornhusk blonde by the name of Sonya Lang. Either way it's the nostrils that give the game away. Cain's women carry fatal perfumes, like Sally who smells like a snake. "Want some nice rattlesnake love?" she asks the poor sap who volunteers to drive the homicide vehicle. Yes he does, even when she's ceased to offer it. By the time he died, I'd say Cain had explored every sex-and-death twist you can have in a threesome, but maybe there are more.

Speaking of murderesses, you owe yourself a purchase of Barbara Vine's **A Dark-Adapted Eye**, which begins with a public execution, then shifts back through the family tree for hideous explanations. This is England between the two wars, and just after, when "people did not break a marriage so lightly" and tried to hold on tight to their secrets. Page-turning, under these circumstances, is urgent. I forgot about everything except for the skin round my skull as this narrative developed. Vine is a good pseudonym for Ruth Rendell to have chosen, climbing round you and sort of squeezing the thorax. Dorothea, who'd let herself in with a passkey, had to drop a bottle of wine on my toes before she could get my attention.

"Hello, sweet-thing," she said, irritably, "just how soft is it between these sheets?"

Bear in mind that Dorothea wasn't wasting any time. Underneath a silk, one-piece number, she was nude. Not a trace of underwear. Remembering what a good time I had on the previous occasion I slipped an Electric Blue cassette into the breach, I couldn't think of a better softcore strategem to deflect this ominous mood she seemed to be in. It might be apposite to mention here that with **Electric Blue 24**, each one an hour long, these mobile sex wizards have polished off an entire day's cycle. Play them all back to back, and the Earth's rotated on its axis once. Think of that.

I'll be candid and say I wasn't expecting a great deal, but **24** is an improvement on **22**, although I still can't figure out what I did with **23**. There's a topless commentary on the America's Cup, nude sky-diving from a centrefold who once parachuted into shark-infested waters, a threadbare modern fairy-tale (mercifully without fairies this time), a Cinderella-bra contest and a trio for silicone implants – all together, according to one of them, "because the anaesthetist is cheaper". Pie-faced loon and lecher, Ricki Diamond, only has a couple of seconds screen-time, so maybe the tape can stay on my shelf without an urge to cremate it.

Dorothea didn't say much, just tapped a lot of ash in the tray. Cigarettes, if you remember, are a part of her lips. She tucks them into a corner, makes the ends dark with lipstick and coolly blows out the smoke through nose and mouth as if she's memorizing a good lover.

Stereo Stunt

Then we both went to "Mother's", heaquarters of sexual bullshit in **About Last Night**, which tells you how to make a relationship out of the best fuck you've ever had in your life. Rob Lowe is Danny, the pretty-boy bozo who picks up girls with a dual-headphones-on-the-stereo stunt that had my partner yawning almost right away. Danny takes Debbie (Demi Moore, a creamy performance) to bed on the first date, gives up chasing other dames and regrets it.

"It's kind of depressing," I said aloud. But Dorothea wasn't having any.

"You're a big man. You can take it. Look what happens in this room, for instance. You dial seven digits. Females ring your doorbell. We come in, we fuck you, we leave you alone. What else do you want – indoor plants?"

Basically, I felt it was the right moment for some comedy. That's why I had Roman Polanski's **Pirates** in the loading position. Walter Matthau is at his most farcically menacing as the peg-legged buccaneer who'll eat a faithful shipmate if the supplies have run out, urinates in their bathwater and would rather lose yet another part of his anatomy than permit treasure to slip through his fingers. There's a rubber python in there somewhere – typical of Polanski, who is perpetually shafting audience expectation. The macabre and the hilarious are marooned together, just like these two lunatic castaways and their solid-gold Aztec throne. In fact, it was the only time my pissed-off visitor and I managed to hit it off in practically two days of hellish companionship.

That Was Then . . .This Is Now is illustrative of our amazing differences. Briefly, it's an adolescent rites of passage, taken from an S. E. Hinton novel and adapted for the screen by Emilio Estevez, who also stars as the unstable hustler resisting the urge to grow up and fall in love, like his best pal is busy doing. Delinquency is still reasonably good at the box-office, and I liked it a lot. My friend Dorothea was withering, although mostly on the subject of me. Soon I'd be getting through the nicotine faster than her.

By comparison, **Trouble In Mind** was an emotional joyride. Alan Rudolph brings a melancholy jazz atmosphere to every film he makes, purely as a matter of visual introspection. This one's in Rain City, a place of the imagination where, nevertheless, the cracked-bell voice of Marianne Faithfull will croak out the destination of love, right down in your pants. It's populated by stoned whores, gangsters who make dice out of their mothers' knuckle-bones, philosophical waitresses, petty crooks and topped off by the slow, crippled, all-in-black presence of Kris Kristofferson as ex-cop, Hawk, who still wants to be good to his friends. Guys like him get maybe one more chance, if that.

There's a weasel-sweet cameo from Divine (out of drag) as a sulky and bloated villain, and a fresh, growing-up-hurt role for Lori Singer, a kid from *Fame*. The whole movie's like a Chinese meal, with something in the region of 20 main courses served on a bed of fried rice. You could rent this one, over and over. No fooling around.

"Crap," said Dorothea. She could have been talking about anything, however – a leaky roof, my shortage of whisky, or even her outfit that she was stepping backing into before we'd really got acquainted, though we never have. So she smoked another cigarette and looked at me, up from under the eyelashes; the middle-aged coquette's swansong, I suppose. The first time we met, she told me she'd sleep with me for a pack of cigarettes, and ten minutes later, I was holding out her brand. Smoking is something she really knows how to do.

Books:
The Old Gringo (Picador – £3.50)
by Carlos Fuentes
The Enlarged Devil's Dictionary
(Penguin – £4.95) by Ambrose Bierce
The Cantos (Faber – £12.50)
by Ezra Pound
Juan In America (Penguin – £3.95)
by Eric Linklater
Blue Angel Days/Nights
(W. H. Allen – £11.95 each)
by Margaret von Falkensee
Sombrero Fallout & The Hawkline
Monster (Arena – £2.95 each)
by Richard Brautigan
The Magician's Wife & Cloud Nine
(Everyman – £3.95 each)
by James M. Cain
The Dark Adapted Eye
(Penguin – £2.95) by Barbara Vine
Videos:
Electric Blue 24 (Electric Video)
About Last Night (RCA/Columbia)
Pirates (Cannon)
That Was Then . . . This Is Now
(Embassy)
Trouble In Mind (CBS/Fox)

WOMEN'S Writes

Club's women readers reveal their indiscretions and get their sexy secrets off their chests.

Sally takes part in a game of strip pontoon, in which more than just cards are laid on the table . . .

What I want to tell you about really happened after a flop of an office party, where no one had even grasped my tits, let alone got inside my knickers despite all my efforts to ensure that they would. I was feeling pretty dejected. On the train home, I explained my plight to my workmate, Lynn, who is a nice cuddly blonde with a pleasant personality. She has a steady boyfriend, Dave, whom she meets mainly during lunchtimes.

Anyway, while we travelled home, Lynn told me she was going to spend the evening with Dave and her brother, Steve, who had recently been divorced from his wife. Partly, I suppose, to cheer me up, Lynn asked me if I would like it if she introduced me to Steve, thus we could spend the whole evening together. At first, I was against the idea. I didn't much fancy the idea of listening to someone droning on about their problems, particularly when I felt the way I did. Then Lynn whispered to me that Steve had a nice body and that his cock was really big.

I must admit, I was somewhat surprised to hear her say that. I asked her how she knew that. She said that when they both lived at home, Steve used to stroll from his bedroom to the bathroom in the nude with his huge cock dangling down and swinging lazily from side to side. According to Lynn, he wasn't the least bit bothered whether someone saw him like that or not.

This information had a curious effect on me. I suppose I was quite shocked as well as excited. I had such a vivid mental picture of him doing that, before I'd even clapped eyes on him. Lynn was looking at me now, asking if what she'd told me about him had put me off. I shook my head. What could I say? I just had to see this for myself, so we fixed a time to meet later. Dave and Lynn picked me up and off we went around to brother Steve's place.

When I first saw him, I fancied him straight away. He was well-built with blond hair and dark blue eyes. What I liked most of all about him, though, was his sense of humour. He made me laugh a lot. Anyway, the evening had been progressing and we all seemed to have had a great deal to drink. It was then that Lynn looked at Dave and Steve and said: "Shall we play our usual game?" They all laughed except me, as I had no idea what they were talking about.

It turned out that this usual game was strip-pontoon, the idea being that whoever went bust with cards of over 21 points would have to remove an article of clothing. It sounded like fun to me, so out came the cards. Lynn and Dave were getting very giggly by now, and Lynn kept parting her legs to show off her white panties.

Silly Errors

I'm not very good at games, as I don't have an instinct for them, so after only a few rounds of this, I started to lose heavily and just managed to maintain my undies. That sobered me up a little, and I started to get a little cautious, not asking for any "twists" if my total was anywhere near the 19-20 mark. I was pleased to see that others began to lose the way I had and soon the lads were on their uppers – Dave in his socks and briefs and Steve just about holding on to his shorts.

Lynn had been winning more often then any of us, but all of a sudden, she started to make rather silly errors with the cards and so she came to be the first to remove a significant piece of underwear, her bra. I'd never seen her breasts before, and I must say I did envy her them. Mine are certainly all right, measuring 36 with a B-cup, with nipples that really stand out when I'm excited, but Lynn's were large and self-supporting, with gigantic brown areolae around the nipples.

Really the moment that happened, Dave lost all interest in winning a hand. The sight of Lynn sitting at the table without a bra on had made the bulge in his pants so prominent that it looked really uncomfortable. But it was Steve who was the first lad to lose his pants in the game. "Right, come on, Steve," shouted Dave, "don't be shy in front of Sally. Let's see that bloody great willy of yours. You can't get out of it now."

So the time had arrived at last. I must say that my heart was beating so fast, I was sure the sound of it was audible to the rest of the group. Steve stood up. He had a mild grin on his face which seemed to prove Lynn's point earlier that he wasn't bothered about nudity in the slightest. He obliged us all by pulling down his shorts to reveal a huge (no exaggeration) uncircumcised cock, the largest I have ever seen. Since that time, I have measured it – seven inches limp, and 11 erect. Then he sat down again..

At this point, Steve was the only one totally nude. Lynn still had her white panties on, and Dave his bulging shorts. I was the best-dressed of the lot, having retained both my bra and panties. However, when Steve lost his pants, that was the last sensible hand we played. Dave, I noticed, was running his hand up and down Lynn's legs, much to her evident pleasure. A dark stain had appeared at the front of her panties, and it was spreading quite rapidly. As for me, I was in much the same state.

Fully Erect

No one was really paying much attention to the cards any more. I deliberately overplayed my hand to lose my bra but, before I could unclip it, Steve was behind me to do the honours himself. I'd noticed that his cock was already semi-hard when he first stood up and when I felt the tip of it gently prodding my back as he fiddled with the clasps, I knew I wanted to be fucked more than anything else in the world.

I looked up from my excite-

WOMEN'S Writes

ment to see that Lynn and Dave had left the table, but that was all I had time to observe, for Steve came round in front of me to remove my panties. "But I haven't lost them yet," I managed to say before his fingers closed around the elastic, sliding them down my thighs. Immediately he bent down and parted my cunt lips with his tongue, flicking around until I thought I would lose my balance.

As he stood up, I noticed his cock was fully erect, and the knob-head was almost completely visible from the foreskin. I know I keep on about this, but the size of it was breathtaking. I stood up next to him, fascinated that the tip was touching his belly-button. It was then that I saw Lynn and Dave on the settee, pumping away like mad, and Lynn's breasts wobbling from side to side.

I sat back down on the chair, pulling my legs right up so that Steve could enter me easily, hoping my cunt would be large enough to take him. Inch by inch, he pushed his massive tool into me. The sensation was fantastic. It made me feel really tight again, like I was losing my virginity all over again. After only a few minutes of this very gentle pushing in and out, I climaxed loudly. I didn't know what to do with myself. My legs were trembling as I had them wrapped around his back.

I watched, enthralled, as Steve withdrew his cock seconds before he was due to climax. Spunk came out of the hole of his cock in smooth jerks like watered-down toothpaste, some dripping over my thighs and the rest on the chair and carpet. I'd never actually seen a man ejaculate before, not every detail, and it just made me frantic to be fucked again.

Unfortunately, Steve had come so intensely, he wasn't ready to screw me right away. I had to wait a full hour before he did. I was so wet that his cock didn't hurt me at all, although I felt as if the walls of my cunt were being stretched. I must say that, having slept with a lot of blokes, Steve was my first whopper. From now on, I shall be looking inside future boyfriends' pants to check the equipment first. I never knew how much it meant to me before, but now I do. *Sally, Essex*

Melanie comes into the factory to do her twilight shift, and it isn't long before she has stars in her eyes . . .

I'm 20 and single. I work alongside my mum on the production line of a food canning factory. We go in to do the twilight shift, which is between when the dayshift finishes at five until the men's backshift knocks off at ten.

It's quite a boring job, and it's sometimes quite depressing to be getting ready to go to work when most other people are just coming home for the night. It's worst in the summer, having to desert a sunny afternoon to go and pack tins in a bloody factory.

It was on just such a day that I trooped in at five o'clock, feeling really pissed off. However, I brightened up a bit when I noticed a new face among the backshift blokes who come round to take all the tins out to the loading bay. This stranger really impressed me. He was tall and dark, with what I can best describe as "designer stubble", which I really like on a man. I overheard one of the other women on the line say the company had taken on some students that day for the summer holidays, so I assumed the new arrival was one of them.

I watched this bloke every time he came to take away another load of tins, and my heart would miss a beat every time he caught me looking at him – especially when I smiled at him and he grinned back. I always have a long, hot shower when I get home at night – and my shower that night was made even better by a wonderful orgasm, brought about by me frigging myself off by thinking about him.

On his first few days there, we never actually spoke – the opportunity never really seemed to arise. But one day I skilfully manoeuvred myself behind him in the canteen queue during tea break. I broke the ice by asking him how he was enjoying working here. We went on to introduce ourselves to each other. I found out his name was Kenny, and that he was studying biology at university. When I said he must know a lot about the human body, he made me dribble in my panties by saying: "Yeah, I know my way around."

The following day at tea break, I noticed him sitting outside by the fire escape getting in some fresh air (which is bloody welcome in that place, I can tell you). He was alone, so I seized my chance and went out to sit with him. During our conversation, I got really hot vibes which told me he fancied me as much as I did him. I might have been wrong, but I took the plunge, anyway. It was a gamble that paid off.

Visibly Shaking

I mentioned to him that there were some parts of the factory he might not have seen, and that I could take him on a sort of "guided tour" during the following day's tea break. I must have been visibly shaking when he said that sounded like a good idea to him. We made arrangements to meet.

Needless to say, next day's tea break seemed like an eternity in coming, but I was ready for it when it did. I'd deliberately not put on a bra, and I don't know what my mum would have said if she'd found out I had gone to work wearing stockings and suspenders without any knickers on. The frumpy old working skirt that was covering that lot up was

quite a contrast. Anyway, I made some excuses to my mum and the rest of the women about wanting to stretch my legs (which was true, but not in the way they imagined) and set off for my rendezvous.

Kenny was already waiting for me by the clocking-in machine, as arranged. We walked through several parts of the factory, which was deserted – only a few workers are there after five, and they were all in the canteen. We came to the engineers' workshop and I hoisted myself up to sit on a work bench. I made sure my skirt rode up high enough for Kenny to see I was wearing stockings and sussies.

Big Bulge

As my heart started to beat furiously, I wondered what seduction technique I was going to use, but there was no need. Without saying anything, Kenny stood in front of me, put his arms around me and kissed me full on the lips. That started off a full-scale snogging session, during which he came across my unfettered tits. He didn't know I was knickerless yet.

I suddenly got the impression Kenny would have been quite content to settle for a good snog, but I'd set my sights on something a bit more than that. I pushed my hand on to his crotch and squeezed his big bulge through his jeans. He gave a little croaky sigh of approval at this, so I undid his zip, reached inside his underpants and gave him as good a feeling-up as I could under the circumstances. That did the trick.

"Have we got time for a quick one?" he asked, but I was past caring about whether we had time or not; it could have taken all night as far as I was concerned. Now shaking with lust, I told him to drop his jeans and pants. While he did that, I unhooked my skirt and threw it to one side. Now wearing only my loose T-shirt, stockings, suspenders and shoes, I sat well back on the work bench and opened my legs wide. By the look on Kenny's face, you'd think he had just won the pools. I knew *I'd* hit the jackpot when I saw the size of his quivering cock.

"Eat me," I begged, and my already wet cunt dampened even more when I felt that wonderful, bristly chin rubbing against the inside of my thigh. The metal bench was almost painfully cold on my bare arse, but I was too taken with what else was happening to me to take much notice of that. I came into his face as he slurped away at my clit with his tongue.

Furiously

But that big cock was what I *really* wanted. I eased myself off the bench and stood facing him, leaning against the wall. He tried to enter me, but he was in an uncomfortable, semi-crouching position (I'm a good six inches shorter than him) and couldn't manage it very easily. So he pushed me to the floor and sat astride me, kneading my tits through my thin T-shirt.

I took hold of his cock and started to wank it. It was big, but I'd had bigger and knew I'd be able to take it all. When he slid it in, there was no messing about. He pushed it all the way in and started to buck to and fro at a rate of knots. He was fucking me so furiously, I had to push my hands into the floor to stop me from being shunted all over the shop.

His orgasm, when it came, was every bit as violent as his fucking technique. It felt like gallons of his seed was being pumped into me, and I managed another tremendous climax just as he was squirting his last into me. We huddled together for a few seconds to get our breath back, then he stood up and hopped over to the bench, his jeans and pants still around his ankles, to fetch some paper towels for us to clean ourselves up a bit.

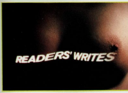
Really Flushed

My backside was absolutely filthy, and Kenny cleaned what he could from it. The back of my T-shirt was in quite a mess, too, but my overall covered me up, and I'd be able to get properly cleaned up when I went home. We checked each other over to make sure we looked reasonably presentable, then made our way back.

Although the whole thing had been done at breakneck speed, we were more than ten minutes late in getting back to work. I got off quite lightly because I was still looking really flushed, and my supervisor assumed I wasn't feeling very well. I didn't discourage her from thinking this. Kenny didn't fare quite so well, and he was given a rollicking about "Bloody skiving students!" and all the rest of it.

We went out together several times after that, in much less frantic circumstances, where we were able to have long, lingering sessions of foreplay and fucking. But, enjoyable though they were, they were never as completely thrilling as that first, frenzied fuck in the engineers' workshop.

Melanie, Lancashire ♣



continued from page 7

shites, nor does it let you down – you can *rely* on it. You deal with fantasies in the head. If they're no good, it's *your* fault. If Club or *Razzle* can help, that's even better; but at the end of the day, with masturbation, "what you see is what you get". If your mind can aspire at all, then you don't do too badly. My health is affected in the bladder, liver and lungs. I'm no Spartan warrior. Nevertheless, it had never occurred to me to blame wanking. As for sterility . . . would you really introduce a new body into *this* world AND advise it not to wank? TISH TUSH!

Generally, put the celery stick down, get out of that silly tracksuit and respond to "moderation in all things" as a reasonable maxim. If you are in a position to have intercourse with a pleasant partner *and* masturbate, you should count your blessings before your sins, and consider that there may be many people with genital disorders who would be only too glad with choice of *any* sort. Think of your dotage and wank while ye may.

In view of the current petrified social climate, I might also add that provided your hands are clean, masturbation is germ-free.

Ernie, Devon

That's Better!

Thanks for publishing my letter in *Readers' Writes* Vol 16 No 4, in which I complained about the quality of an earlier issue. Now at least I know bona fide letters *are* received and printed.

Well, you asked me to let you know if the edition mentioned above had made me happier, and of course you knew it would. A question of chalk and cheese, I think, comparing it with Vol 15 No 12. I'm glad my letter stung you chaps into action. And, yes, I *was* much happier with your efforts; there's not much I can criticize at all – indeed, there's NOTHING!

And you don't seriously think I was contemplating leaving the readership of Club, do you? *Les, Kent*

Of course we don't – you seem like a sensible chap to us – Ed.

Tracey's Back!

It's me again, sexy Tracey from Lincoln. I hope I'm not boring you, boys!

Anyway, I've just had the most wonderful and deliciously dirty idea. How about you and I organizing the world's biggest gang-bang, with little old me as the main attraction? Now, before you get the wrong idea (or could it be the right one?) I'm not suggesting you all come round to my place and form an orderly queue between my legs, although that would be nice. No, what I want is even bigger than that. You know I keep saying that I want to fuck you all – well, I *do* and I'm trying my best, but I've got a long way to go yet. So how about this:

Let's have a mass wank-off. Every Club reader wanks away as he dreams of fucking me, with the knowledge that I'm doing just the same on my little bed. I don't know if and when this letter will appear, so I'll leave the time and date up to you, Club. How about it, then? My cunt is dripping right down the middle of my lovely thighs just thinking about it. Every Club reader should make a point of finding somewhere quiet and comfy, and fuck me senseless in his dreams. The best time would probably be in the evening, when you fellas can get off to the loo or wherever, and I'll make sure that I'm totally alone on my bed (apart from several thousand cocks, that is!). Oh, my cunt is really desperate for it now; what a wonderful thought!

I'm going to set the scene for you now, just to help you along! In case you've forgotten, I'm 18 years old, but will probably be 19 when you print this. I'm five feet four, with a 34-22-34 figure, shoulder-length red/brown hair, and I wear glasses. My tits aren't big, but they're nicely-shaped and firm, and boys say they're lovely to suck, and just big enough to fuck! Most boys also think I'm quite pretty, without being a classic looker, but when you've got your cock in my mouth, who cares! I've got a nice, tight arse, and the juiciest little pussy you ever saw, but everyone agrees my best features are my gorgeous, long legs.

Anyway, on the glorious day I will have tried to starve myself of cock for a few days, so I'll be even more desperate for you all than normal. I'll be wearing a short see-through baby-doll and a purple lacy G-string. If you look closely you can see my tits and arse through my nightie, but your eyes will be on my legs. I'll stroke my thighs, boys, then let you slowly lift my nightie over my head, revealing my little boobs.

You'll grope, pull, squeeze and suck on my tits, driving me wild with lust. Your mouths join mine in deep French kisses, as your hands explore my thighs and bum cheeks. My G-string is ripped off me, and I'm thrown on to my back on the bed. I open my long legs and pout erotically at you. I can see you all totally naked with your huge cocks in your hands, all for Tracey. I take a boob in each hand, squeezing my tit flesh, and pinching my rock-hard nipples between finger and thumb. I want your cocks, boys, I want them in every way.

My hand strays down over my belly, and my legs open wider. I caress my thighs again. Lifting my legs high, I pull my arse cheeks wide – I love that; then I tease my bum hole with my finger. My mouth is wide-open and begging for cock, boys; put it in!

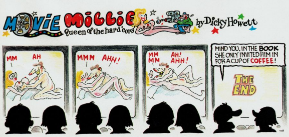
Now my fingers are in my pussy hair, softly prodding my cunt lips. I'm so wet I can smell myself oozing cunt juice, and it's all for you, boys. One finger, then two, slip sweetly up my fuck hole. I hold my cunt lips open so you can look right up me, my clit standing proud and ready for your tongues.

Take me, take me! I've got all eight fingers in my cunt now, boys, probing deep and hard, while my thumb rolls my clit in ecstasy. I'm begging you to fuck me, boys, fuck me in every way you know how. Make my cunt hum, make me choke on your spunk. Cover my tits and face in your creamy shower; I'm so hot for you! Roll me over – don't stop yet, take me again. Fuck me doggy-style, fuck me any way you can.

Oh, boys, that was great! I know you'll enjoy fucking me, I can just see your cocks now.

Come on, Club, name the day – I don't know if I can wait! *Tracey, Lincoln*

This girl is a serious nympho, make no mistake. To keep her happy, we'd suggest you all slip off to the loo at 8pm on August 10; we'd also suggest you tell us about it – we'll publish the names of all those who take part in this mass wank-off (if there's enough room!) – Ed.


MOVIE MILLIE
Queen of the hard 'cors'
by Dicky Howett
MM
AH
MMM
AHH!
MM MM
AH! AHH!
MIND YOU, IN THE BOOK SHE ONLY INVITED HIM IN FOR A CUP OF COFFEE!
THE END

Top Ten Corner

1 Princess of Wales
2 Selina Scott
(TV presenter)
3 Felicity Kendal
(actress)
4 Jan Francis (same)
5 Jaclyn Smith (same)
6 Marilyn Chambers
(porn star)
7 Victoria Principal
(actress)
8 Julia Somerville
(newsreader)
9 Linda Evans (actress)
10 Carling Bassett
(tennis star)

TC, Uxbridge

Sex Survey

You may be interested to know the results of a survey I recently carried out.

Every month, I read your mag from cover to cover, and then I cut out my favourite pictures and stick them in a scrap book. I'm very choosy about which pics I save; in fact, I named the scrapbook "My 100 Most Beautiful Models", even though I had well over 350 pics when I last did a count a few months ago.

Linzi has three pages all to herself, and features throughout the other pages, too. I have now filled two books, and I'm about to start my third volume. I prefer smaller pictures – say quarter-page size – then I stand more chance of getting the maximum number of pictures of each model. Sometimes I've even bought two copies of the same issue so I can get two pictures that are situated back-to-back in the magazine. So you're actually doing quite well out of me and my hobby!

The latest set of pictures (72 in all) are about to be stuck into Volume 3. The survey, based on these 72 pics, indicates my preference to see girls wearing sexy underwear, with or without stockings – stockings-only pictures look too contrived. I do enjoy the occasional clothed (fully or partially) picture, too.

So, out of the total of 72 pics, only nine feature girls wearing stockings only, whereas a whopping 60 show partially clothed girls and girls wearing underwear – with or without stockings. Thirteen girls are totally naked, while 16 pics have girls with some form of outer clothing on.

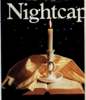
Basically, then, if you were tailoring Club International to suit my tastes, 83.3 per cent of your pictures would feature women in sexy underwear!

Fascinating, eh?

Rob, Northamptonshire

No – Ed. ♣

Looking forward
DEAD
KENNEDYS
THE ADICTS
THE DEFECTS
PUNX
THE BLOOD
OI OI
Blitz
198
DEAD
WRET



A BEDTIME STORY

BABY LOVES THE CHEESY BITS

Some like it with candelabra, damask and lights on the dimmer-switch, but not Brenda. She's crazy for the punk-style Snotts with their miserable two-chord mind-scramblers and a habit of snapping knicker-elastic over a fire hydrant. Sex pokes romance in the eye with a rotten plectrum. Semi-musical erotics by Nicholas Whittaker.

Brenda Lightowler folded up her copy of the *Melody Maker* and allowed herself a satisfied smile. Her day had come. The Snotts were in town, due to play a gig at the 99 Club – and it wouldn't just be the music that Brenda was going for . . .

Brenda lay back on her bed and stretched out an arm to switch on her cassette player. Her small bedroom was a shrine to The Snotts, the tasteful floral wallpaper chosen by her mum long since obliterated by a garish collage of pin-ups, album covers, press-cuttings and sundry items of Snotts memorabilia. She had been one of their biggest fans for the past four years, ever since the band had burst – burst like a stubborn zit, said one music paper – on to the pop scene with their controversial debut single, *Baby Loves The Cheesy Bits*.

Having been recently laid-off from her job as extruder operative at the curtain-rod factory, Brenda now had little to do with her spare time but skulk in her room listening to her Snotts records. Their songs were a celebration of raw, greasy, energetic sex; downright dirty fucking between real men and women, heroes and heroines with big cocks and hairy fannies, all a million miles away from the saccharine-sweet love songs of Barry Manilow and Phil Collins that her other friends swooned over in their little pink bedrooms.

It was her favourite track now, the brilliant punk anthem *Lick My Balls Until Dawn*. The frenzied twanging of Ray Gobb's guitar had all the subtlety of well-punished bedsprings on a Club 18-30 holiday, a perfect complement to the rasping vocals of their lead singer, Mick Nozzer. Barry Manilow's sugary tones might set young hearts fluttering with dreams of candlelit dinners and riverside strolls, but Nozzer's gruntings were a warty hand pushing roughly past the knicker elastic, its porky fingers going straight for the seat of a woman's desire . . .

Brenda had already earmarked £5 from her next DHSS Giro for a ticket to the gig. It would be great seeing the band live, but that wasn't all. She had decided that hero worship was no longer enough to satisfy her. She had had enough of fantasizing alone in her room. She wanted to get laid by Mick Nozzer – and any others of the band who cared to have her. She would be a groupie, one of that willing band of rock-sisters who proved their devotion by making themselves available for the pleasure of the stars.

The doorbell rang. It was probably a Jehovah's Witness, she decided, making no move to answer it. It rang again, and again, and impatiently she got up from the bed and went downstairs. Through the dimpled glass of the front door she recognized the figure of Derek, her boyfriend.

"Hello, Bren. How's things?" Derek greeted her as she opened the door.

"All right," she replied flatly. She hated being called Bren, it made her sound like some kind of firearm. "Why aren't you at work?"

"I am. I've just come from covering the parish council meeting at St Mary's."

"How exciting."

The sarcasm was lost on Derek. "It *was*, quite. Miss Scutterjaw, the spring fête organizer got quite worked-up about the vicar's decision to ban fortune-tellers. He said the future was God's prerogative and shouldn't be anticipated by middle-aged housewives dressing up as gypsies with teatowels wrapped around their heads."

Brenda yawned. She didn't give a toss about the realpolitik of parish councils. Derek smiled amiably and looked at his watch. "So I've got half an hour to spare before I get back to the office," he hinted.

Brenda sighed. "I suppose you'd better come in," she said reluctantly, standing aside to let him in.

"Where's your mum?" asked Derek.

"Out shopping."

"Oh. . . ." Derek smirked. "We're on our own, then?"

Brenda anticipated his line of thought. "Don't start that lark again, Derek. I told you once, I'm not interested in casual sex. Sex is for marriage."

"This is 1987, Bren," protested Derek. "Ideas like that went out ages ago. Things are more liberated these days."

"I'm not interested," insisted Brenda. "Why do you have to keep pestering me all the time?"

"You *are* my girlfriend, Bren," Derek complained. "What's so awful about us making love now and then?"

Poor Derek. She was aching for a good seeing-to, but he wasn't the man. Oh, he was all right for a free curry or a trip to the flicks, but if he was expecting a return on his investment he'd have a long wait. Derek wasn't really any girl's idea of an exciting hunk, this spindly reporter on the *Snaresbury Echo*. He was nice enough, kind, considerate, patient – too damn nice for his own good. A girl liked a cad now and then, she liked to be treated with a bit of arrogance, ordered about, taken, dominated. Derek always deferred; even now he was apologizing for his lustiness.

"Yes, sorry, Bren . . . I didn't mean to pressurize you. I respect you too much to do that."

Pah! If he was any kind of a man he wouldn't stand for her feeble excuses, he'd just pull open her dressing gown and yank down her knickers, push her down on the carpet, slipping his hard prick without ceremony into her cunt. That was the kind of action a girl dreamed of.

"I'll wait until the time's right," he said. Wimp. Defeatist. "I was wondering, though, if you were free on Wednesday. I've got –"

"No, I'm busy," she snapped. She wasn't going to miss The Snotts for a lukewarm biriani at the Golden Chapati House.

"Oh, I just wondered . . ." said Derek. He looked at his watch. "I'd better be going, then."

Brenda closed the door behind him and snorted to herself. Come Wednesday she'd be getting the treatment from a *real* man . . .

The Snotts had played a great set that night and the sweat-soaked audience had loved every minute of it. Now, at the stage door, Brenda shoved her way to the front of the dozen or so fans who were waiting for an extra glimpse of their heroes. As the door swung open for the obligatory signing of autographs, Brenda unbuttoned her blouse to display a tempting expanse of lightly-speckled breast. All it took was a silent meaningful look and the next minute an arm grabbed her and plucked her away from the common herd. The next minute she was being ushered into the band's dressing room.

"This chick wants to know if you need any favours, Mick," announced the bloke who had brought her in.

Nozzer stubbed out his cigarette and grinned arrogantly, looking Brenda up and down. As an oily mechanic, women had never had much time for him; now he fronted a rock band, they would give him anything.

Brenda was just about to introduce herself when Nozzer stood up and pushed her to her knees in front of him. "Okay, luv, you can suck a bit of rod." So saying, he pulled down his zip and pulled out what looked like a tubular piece of bacon. Brenda gulped. She'd never sucked a man's cock before, but, if she was going to join that privileged coterie of groupies, she would have to learn fast. Leaning forward, she closed her mouth around the pop star's organ.

"Tickle me balls while you do it," ordered Nozzer.

She did as commanded. Nozzer sighed. Someone switched on a cassette and Brenda relaxed a bit, beginning to enjoy the taste and the iron-hardness of Nozzer's prick.

"You mind if Ray does you from behind, luv?" asked Nozzer.

Brenda's mouth was too full to reply coherently, but she attempted to nod her consent. The next minute she felt her dress being lifted and she shifted her knees so that the band's drummer could pull off her knickers.

She felt calloused hands grip her thighs and she gasped as a hard cock slid into her willing fanny. He wasn't a stayer: a minute later she felt a warm gush as he came and slipped out of her.

She heard the door open and someone gasped. One of the band said: "Don't be surprised, mate. This is what the rock scene's all about. Sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll, you know. Tell you what – why not give her a shafting yourself? These groupies love it. She won't mind."

Brenda carried on gobbling. Wait till she told her friends. Not only had she sucked off Nozzer, but she was getting fucked by half the band as well. It was every groupie's dream.

She felt another prick slip inside her, fatter and harder than the last. It felt good, sending electric shivers right up into her belly. This one was a real stayer. She pushed her bum backwards and wriggled delightedly on the pumping shaft. He gave her a good 15 minutes' pleasure before shooting his load and slipping out with a satisfied sigh. These pop stars were fantastic fuckers!

A few minutes later Nozzer groaned and she swallowed quickly as he pumped what seemed like a pint of creamy spunk into her mouth. She felt like a real woman . . .

A couple of days later, Brenda was at home recalling her moment of erotic glory when the doorbell rang. It was boring old Derek. If he started moaning about sex again, she would tell him to clear off.

Derek seemed in a cheery mood. "You missed a good night on Wednesday," he said. "You should have come. I had two free tickets for the Snotts gig."

Brenda stared at him. "I didn't think you liked them," she exclaimed.

"I don't, especially. But I had to interview them for the *Echo*. It should be a good article. Mind you, I couldn't write about everything . . ."

"What do you mean?" asked Brenda.

"These rock stars . . . they lead a right life! Sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll – it's just like they say in the Sunday papers. I went back to their dressing room afterwards and they were actually having sex with a groupie. It was a right orgy. She was doing that oral sex on the lead singer – whatsisname?"

"Mick Nozzer," said Brenda weakly.

"That's him. And guess what – they don't care do they? – they asked me if I wanted to join in!"

Brenda's head was spinning. "Did you?"

"Well . . . I felt the devil trying to tempt me. But I thought of you and it gave me the strength to resist. I'd never spoil the trust between us by having sordid sex with women like that, would I?" ♣

Illustrated by Patrick Underhill